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The Week

WHILE the leading members of the several delegations at London continue to give out somewhat forced expressions of optimism, the naval conference is limping along on two cylinders. France's demand for implementation of the Kellogg Pact having been turned down, there were rumors that a three-power treaty was being arranged among the United States, Great Britain and Japan, leaving France's building program without international sanction. But M. Tardieu, it was reported, vigorously declined to be left out in the cold and made his contentions prevail. It was stated that, in default of a consultation agreement, France was renewing her attempt to induce the British to sign a guarantee treaty of Mediterranean powers, and that Prime Minister MacDonald had persisted in refusal. The next hope was to lay the groundwork for some French reduction by persuading Italy to relinquish her demand for parity with France. At last accounts, this effort was awaiting Mussolini's decision. None of these moves on the chessboard can conceal the fact that the real hope of naval reduction, if not indeed of limitation itself, is dwindling because none of the nations concerned can find a way of accommodating its own political policy to that of the others. Reduction by the formula of parity and agreement, without preliminary settlement of the political issues involved, is shown to bristle with with all the difficulties which The New Republic foresaw.

SUNDAY, March 16, and the following Wednesday were days of intercession such as have rarely been observed in the Christian world. Prayers were internationally offered by Protestants and Jews on the first of these days, by Catholics on the second, and the subject in all cases was the anti-religious campaign in Russia. These multi-lingual prayers were not without their effect, but curiously enough it was retroactive. For, on the preceding Saturday, the Soviet government had already announced a milder policy toward the Russian churches, a policy which left no occasion for organized protest. Its former policy, as described by competent observers, has been far less severe than was asserted in the sensational press. It is true that the social and missionary activities of the Russian churches have been nearly abolished, but, on the other hand, freedom of worship has always been granted. Out of more than fifty thousand churches in Russia, only three thousand have been closed during the eleven years of Soviet rule. There have been many instances of local oppression, but usually, when a priest was jailed, the motive of the authorities was more political than anti-religious. Lately, however, the younger Communists have been conducting a church-closing campaign. Their excessive zeal has now been vigorously condemned by the Soviet government, which adds that churches are not to be closed except on a demand clearly and freely expressed by a majority of the local population. Thus the great religious struggle which threatened to convulse the world is ending for the moment; it is ending on the one side with reform and on the other side with a vast anticlimax of prayer

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THE difference between the East at its best and the West at its average was never more strikingly displayed than in Mahatma Gandhi's march to the sea, where he and his little band of followers will make salt in defiance of the British monopoly. In no other country, in the twentieth century, would millions of people who are seething with hatred of the foreign invader, be willing to stand by while this ritualistic and symbolic pilgrimage took place. Even in India it is only made possible by the personal power of Gandhi, one of the few great religious leaders of all time. His disbelief in the use of force does not rest on mere expediency. Among the Hindus there are, however, thousands of persons who are not satisfied with his non-resistant philosophy, who feel that the force of the English must be answered with force of their own. If Gandhi should be imprisoned, or should die as a result of some incident in connection with his present campaign, the tidal wave of hatred would break, with consequences which it is impossible to foresee.

THOSE who expected great things from the Labor government in regard to India have been disappointed, but it was probably inevitable that this should be so. It must be remembered that MacDonald has only a minority in the House of Commons, and that the subject of India is one which arouses automatic and violent response, on a basis of pure prejudice, in the breasts of thousands of Englishmen. It must also be remembered that while governments, Conservative, Liberal and Labor, come and go, the permanent bureaucracy continues to run the British Empire. Even with these allowances made, however, the Labor government has done badly in regard to India. It has continued the historic policy of making concessions, but of never doing so until it is too late. A few years ago, an offer of Dominion status might have stabilized the situation in India for a generation to come. Today, England is at least half-heartedly willing to give Dominion status, and India, angered by the delay and by the well grounded belief that the politicians promise more than they mean, turns toward complete freedom.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S special commission to Haiti has done a difficult job and done it very well. As Mr. Buell explains elsewhere in this issue, at the conclusion of President Borno's term in May, Mr. Eugene Roy, an elderly and wealthy business man, not identified heretofore with any political faction, will become temporary president. He will supervise an election at which members of the Haitian National Legislature will be elected, for the first time in many years. The new legislature, when it convenes, will elect a president representing the popular will as fully as is possible in a Caribbean country. The Forbes Commission will probably recommend that the present military High Commissioner from the United States be replaced by a civilian of ministerial rank for the remainder of the occupation, which, in accordance with Mr. Hoover's pledge, should come to an end in 1936. It is understood that the recommendations will also include the suggestion that the American officers of the Haitian Garde should be replaced by Haitians as rapidly as is feasible, and that both the number of American civilian employees of the government, and the average size of their salaries, should be curtailed. If these proposals are followed out, it will mean not only a great improvement in Haiti, but an important precedent for us to follow in dealing with other Caribbean and Central American countries. President Hoover is entitled to unstinted praise for the work he has inspired.

THE Department of State has made public an important memorandum on the Monroe Doctrine. Written by J. Reuben Clark, formerly Under-secretary of State, and now legal adviser to the American Ambassador in Mexico, it is ostensibly an expression of his personal views only; but actually, there is no doubt that it is now the policy of the Hoover administration. The new interpretation is essentially a return to the original significance of the Monroe Doctrine, as being intended solely as a shield against European interference in Latin American affairs. The so-called "Roosevelt corollary" under which the Doctrine was made the pretext for miscellaneous meddling by the United States in the Caribbean and Central America is repudiated. The theory that financial weakness or disorder in a Latin American country should be remedied by the United States lest some European power should feel called upon to interfere, is called by Mr. Clark an unjustified interpretation. "The Doctrine states a case of the United States vs. Europe, and not of the United States vs. Latin America." It does not apply to "purely inter-American relations" or "lay down any principles that are to govern the inter-relationship of the states of the Western Hemisphere as among ourselves." It cannot, therefore, be used to justify intervention like that in Nicaragua, which can only be excused as an act of "self-defense" of the United States.

IT HAS been known for some time that the United States was not disposed to use the Monroe Doctrine any longer as an excuse for the sort of acts which went on during the first quarter of the present century. Mr. Hoover thinks more as a trader than as a banker, and the trader needs good will among his customers where the banker needs bullets, or the threat of bullets, to back him up. There is no doubt, also, that the President regrets on other than economic grounds the ill will which our Latin American policy has created for us not only among our southern neighbors but throughout the world. We have ratified an important conciliation treaty with most of the Latin American states, and have signed, but have not yet ratified, an even more important agreement on arbitration. The real significance of

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Mr. Clark's memorandum is that the Monroe Doctrine no longer exists. If it is confined to acts of aggression in this hemisphere by European powers, it will never again be invoked; the time is past, by decades, when anything of that sort could be expected, and this would be true even if it were not for the added difficulties which are now put in the way by the League of Nations, the World Court and the Kellogg Pact.

THE plight of the Federal Farm Board in attempting to stabilize the wheat market begins to look desperate. It has not only lent money to coöperatives in order to enable them to hold wheat at the pegged price of $1.18, but has also gone into the open market to help maintain the price by buying. Meanwhile, in view of the great oversupply, prices have had a natural sagging tendency. The Board has been forced to call on Congress for an additional appropriation of $100,000,000. So great has become the quantity of wheat being held for higher prices that storage space is giving out. The world carry-over has been steadily growing for three years—the Canadian wheat pool having adopted the policy of holding wheat off the market before the Farm Board came into being. The total carry-over has grown from 284,000,000 bushels in 1926 to 598,000,000 in 1929, of which Canada and the United States hold 404,000,000. Without artificial control, the break in prices might have discouraged production enough so that a restricted new crop would have restored the balance. The question remains whether the Board can bring about the same result by good advice to the farmers. If it cannot, its only hope of escaping disastrous impending losses lies in some calamity of nature which would drastically reduce the yield, and so do for the farmers what they are not yet well enough organized or disciplined to do for themselves. We hope, for the sake of intelligent farm relief, that something will intervene to save the Board from what looks like insufficient preparation and bad judgment.

AS THE New Republic has feared from the beginning of the tariff battle in the Senate, the strength of the coalition against industrial rate increases has been sapped by dickers at the last moment. To gain a particular duty desired by local constituents, many a Senator will vote for another duty in which he has no interest, whatever may be his theory on the subject. This is almost an inevitable outcome of tariff revision by Congress. The iniquitous sugar tariff has been at last increased, in return for a boost on cement and possibly on oil. Further raises are in prospect; the Old Guard feels that it is gaining the upper hand again. For this anachronistic and highly injurious policy the responsibility rests directly on President Hoover. He dragged the tariff into the campaign, he held out to the farmers the delusive hope that they stood to gain substantially from tariff revision, and in spite of ambiguous general statements he has failed to assume leadership of the opposition to higher industrial duties. If, now, Congress finally passes a bill embodying general increases he will have a last chance to maintain his integrity in the matter by vetoing it. But we do not expect him to do so.

WORD has recently come from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad that the shop unions and the management have agreed to a definite program whose purpose is to stabilize the jobs of its present force of shop employees for the balance of the year, a program which exposes the railroad to the risk of exceeding its yearly equipment maintenance allotment by two million dollars. The accomplishments of the Canadian National and its shop unions along similar lines are equally striking. Despite the failure of the Canadian wheat crop and the prevailing business depression, this railroad refrained from laying off shopmen when the ebb of traffic was reached this winter. Instead, cars and locomotives were repaired and placed in storage for future use, and at the same time a fair portion of the new cars and locomotives to be built during 1930 were allocated to Canadian National shops for construction. All of these measures and many others to meet the prevailing emergency were worked out by the union representatives of the employees with the management. The Canadian National did not, as some other prominent railroads did, make a bad business situation worse by adding to the ranks of the unemployed. In striking contrast is the policy of the Canadian Pacific to preserve at all hazards its 10 percent dividend rate, the "Sacred Cow of Canada." The activity of the shop unions and the management on the coöperative railroads has served both as an object lesson and a challenge to most well managed railroads in the United States. The Railway Age, in its annual statistical number, reveals a remarkable tendency on the part of many railroads to supplement routine maintenance work by new car and locomotive construction, thus helping to provide work during the lean periods when the demand for repair work is small.

TWO years ago, a group of experts under the direction of the Institute of Government made a study of conditions among the Indians in the United States. Its 900-page report, which was published and received wide attention at the time, told a shocking story of suffering, part of which was nobody's fault, but much of which could be charged against the officials then directing the work of the Indian Bureau in the Department of the Interior. Perhaps the worst aspect of the whole report was the revelation as to conditions in the boarding schools, in which the Indian children are forcibly incarcerated from the age of six to eighteen. Food and clothing are so inadequate in these schools that the children are undernourished and suffer greatly from cold, as well as from overcrowd

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ing and, in many cases, from inhuman treatment by the white men in whose care they are. The Institute of Government report found the conditions in the schools so urgent that it demanded an immediate appropriation of a million dollars to be expended primarily for food. Until now, this appropriation has not been made; but we are glad to report that in the emergency appropriation bill now before Congress a sum is provided which, while it does not grant the whole amount asked for, would give the children adequate food and clothing for the next year. This bill has been passed by Senate and House, a conference report has been prepared, and this has been agreed to by the Senate. It needs only to be accepted by House, and this we hope will be done without delay. Our obligation to the Indians is one which touches our national honor closely; and in the past our record has been so bad that hardly anything we could do would go too far toward making amends.

THE New Freeman, Number 1 of which has just appeared under the deft editorial hand of Miss Suzanne La Follette, ought to satisfy lovers of the old Freeman. That journal, chaste in type and skillful with its pen, was remarkable for more grace than is common nowadays in its literary and esthetic departments, and in its political and economic columns for a malicious urbanity. With a sort of Yankee drawl it derived mirth from a universal irresponsibility. It was gaily convinced that every man was a fool and every action futile—unless the man was a follower of Henry George and the act in support of the Single Tax. Probably few of its devotees ever guessed its secret source of intellectual assurance, but they, nevertheless, liked to read someone who clearly had no difficulty in mastering his ideas and who could scoff with so much more point and good humor than the Menckeneers. The New Freeman is as chaste in appearance as the old, though with a touch of modernism in its titles. We find in it the same pleasant writing on esthetic subjects, concerning which Miss La Follette herself is an authority, and something of the same pungency of current comment. We do not detect as yet the covert twinkle of the sophisticated single-taxer, and shall wait with interest to learn its economic complexion.

ONE of the hardest problems a working journalist must solve has to do with reports of alleged medical discoveries. As a layman, he is usually unable to pass upon their merits himself, and if he refuses to print them, he lays himself open to a charge of suppressing news which might be of the greatest value to his readers. On the other hand, if he publishes such accounts he may give a boost to a quack, and arouse in the breasts of thousands of sufferers hopes which are doomed to disappointment. In New York City and a few other places the press is aided by a Medical Information Bureau, maintained by the doctors themselves, but in most cities there is no such device; and in any case, the medical profession itself often doesn't know what to make of new discoveries. The press has recently had a problem of this sort in relation to the cancer experiments conducted by Drs. W. B. Coffey and J. D. Humber at the hospital of the Southern Pacific Railroad in San Francisco. These doctors have found that an injection from the suprarenal gland seems to act as a stabilizer on the growth of cells, and injections of this extract into large numbers of persons suffering with cancer have brought decrease of pain and a breaking-down of cancerous tissues. But as they were careful to emphasize in testimony before a special committee of the United States Senate a few days ago, their experiments cannot yet be described as a cure, or even as a method of treatment. Neither are these experiments unique, similar work having been done by Drs. Boris Sokoloff, C. F. Charlton, A. M. Hanson and others. Despite the scientific caution of the medical men, however, certain newspapers have carried the most sensational reports and scattered them far and wide. As a result, thousands of cancer sufferers from all parts of the country are making a pilgrimage to San Francisco. Many of them have mortgaged or sold their homes or used all their savings to go on a quest which will probably end in disappointment. The journalists who wrote and printed the reckless statements which induced them to come have a heavy load of responsibility to bear.

Mr. Malcolm Cowley has been elected a member of the editorial board of The New Republic.

The American Blunder at London

THE final decision of the American delegates at London not to make an agreement to consult with the other powers in case danger of war should arise has brought the naval conference to the verge of disaster. If the decision stands, the major part of the French building program stands. This will probably upset the Anglo-American understanding on cruiser tonnage, since it will induce Britain to enlarge her program. It may not make a five-power limitation treaty impossible, but it sets as the price of limitation a substantial increase in both American and world naval tonnage.

We have no official explanation, either from the delegation or the administration at Washington, why this decision was made. Obviously inspired dispatches, however, in which we place confidence, expound the American position. The decision does not reflect fear of the Senate isolationists, or of the opinion at home which supports them. It does not mean that the United States is adverse, in principle, to implementing the Kellogg Treaty by a consultative pact. Indeed, Secretary Stimson believes, it is

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said, that the Kellogg Pact suffers from the lack of machinery to investigate disputes and inform public opinion about them; he had actually taken steps to discuss the creation of this machinery before the naval conference met. The reason the delegation will not sign a consultation agreement at this conference is that it would imply an undesirable bargain with France. If France were persuaded to reduce her naval program in direct exchange for such an agreement, our delegates assume, France would place this country under a moral obligation to help her in any future war against an "aggressor." France, in such a case, would ask us to supply the ships and men which she gave up at our request. And we must not commit ourselves on this score.

With the American delegation's dislike of forcible sanctions, with its hesitancy to do anything which would obligate the United States to give military aid to France in a possible future war, The New Republic is in complete agreement. We should not in 1930 underwrite with the threat of our arms the state of Europe created by the Treaty of Versailles any more than we should have underwritten it in 1919. If France really insists that the European status quo must be forcibly maintained, either by the armies and navies of a concert of powers or by her own army and navy, we should let her go her own way. Indeed, it may eventually prove that French *realpolitik* will effectually block disarmament for years to come, as it has during the past decade.

But it is not clear to us why the United States need assume any such obligation in implementing the Kellogg Pact at this time. We promise only what we promise; we do not promise to live up to any obligation which may be fancied for us by France. France said she would cut her program if we promised to confer. There is no reason why a promise to confer should be anything more than a promise to confer, whether made now, last year or next year. The outcome of conference might be mediation, a recommendation to arbitrate, or numerous courses other than mobilization against an assumed aggressor. The circumstances under which the agreement is made do not alter this fact. It seems to us that Mr. Stimson's reasoning is extremely thin. If his logic is good, we could never implement the Kellogg Pact in the future without warning France that she must not, as a consequence, reduce her naval forces. If Mr. Stimson is right, the construction of international machinery to forestall war and to furnish substitutes for it can never provide the basis of disarmament.

Let us assume for the sake of argument, however, that the danger which Mr. Stimson has conjured up really exists. Let us assume that for some time he has intended to implement the Kellogg Pact, and still wants to do so, but that he cannot safely do so now in return for a reduction of the French building program. The sudden arrival at this decision in the midst of the London conference is an astounding revelation of bad strategy, of diplomatic incompetence, of lack of preparation. France's plans have been an open book for many months. Before the conference met, she issued a long statement setting forth her insistence on a large building program unless something in the way of implementing the Kellogg Pact could be achieved. At that time certain competent authorities—including the editor of The New York World—advocated calling off the conference, on the ground that France's position would wreck it. The New Republic argued against calling off the conference, on the ground that France's condition should be granted, and that if, after it was granted, she still declined to reduce, her position would be untenable and could be successfully attacked. Is it not preposterous that a situation which it was obvious to The World, The New Republic and other outsiders must be met, had not been thoroughly discussed by those responsible for the success of the conference? Is it not absurd that these men had not arrived at a decision as to what they would and could do concerning France's demands, before the conference was called?

The decision not to bargain with France by means of a consultation pact, if it is sound, ought to have been made long ago. And once it was made, the administration ought to have seen to it that the implementation of the Kellogg Pact was attended to before the naval conference met. Then the way would have been cleared for the work of naval reduction. France could not have put forth the argument which she has used with such good effect in support of her program. If she still did not want to reduce, she would have had to ask point blank for a guarantee of armed assistance, or for some other definite assurance. The finedrawn interpretations which now have moved the American delegation would not have been evoked. We should have known where we stood—if, indeed, the conference had not succeeded.

To say, as Mr. Stimson is reported to have said, that for reasons of policy he cannot do what he approves on grounds of principle, is to admit that he is in a ridiculous position. It is testimony to a gigantic piece of bungling. If this is true, the administration and the delegation have stalemated themselves by their own stupidity. They have brought billions of dollars of expense on the world, and have done a distinct disservice to the cause of peace, by not being clever enough to do what they wanted to do at the time when they could have done it. If arms reduction were balked by genuine ill will or insincerity or timidity there would be ground for bitter resentment. But to have balked it by pure blundering is something which no group of public men ought to be able to live down. We hope that Mr. Hoover and the American delegates will find enough common sense to extricate themselves from the ignominy which history will surely accord them if arms reduction fails because they did not discover until too late what was their answer to France.

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Intelligent Unionism

ON MARCH 10, newspapers carried accounts of dramatic scenes at the funeral services in Philadelphia of a union knitter who was killed by strike-breakers. Death occurred in the course of a labor dispute between the H. C. Aberle Hoisery Company and its former employees. Each of 50,000 textile workers, massed about the bier of Carl Mackley, pledged that "I will continue the struggle against low wages, poverty and oppression and I will not falter nor be intimidated by hired assassins nor discouraged by a subservient and ofttimes tyrannical judiciary. If necessary, I, too, will lay down my life in order that all those who toil may be delivered from enslavement by un-American, avaricious, industrial despots." Dispatches describe the funeral as "the most impressive and remarkable demonstration ever held in Philadelphia."

In spite of the intense sincerity of the demonstration, the wayfaring newspaper reader is likely to be a bit puzzled by what took place. After all, it is not such an uncommon occurrence in this country for a worker to be killed in the course of a labor dispute, but seldom is there evoked such mass expression of the pent-up emotions of wage earners. It is especially noteworthy that the great majority of the 50,000 textile workers were not only not former employees of the Aberle company—most of them were not even members of the union, the Federation of Full Fashioned Hoisery Workers, which has a national membership of not to exceed 10,000. Here is evidence of a solidarity the absence of which among American wage earners certain critics, not without a measure of justification, have frequently lamented.

It would be unwarranted to infer from what happened in Philadelphia that there has suddenly emerged a fully matured and integrated labor movement. But the gathering of workers in that city does substantiate the view of those students of American unionism who maintain that versatile leadership is proficient in dramatizing such an event as the killing of a union member on strike, doing so in a manner calculated to focus attention on the issues at stake. To accomplish this does not require an artificial stimulation and whipping up of wage earners' emotions, but rather a skillful consolidating and directing of emotions already aroused. This is no simple task: keen perceptions and careful planning are called for to avoid staging scenes that fail to come off.

Fortunately, the employer has agreed to submit the issues involved in the strike to a distinguished board of arbitrators, including Mr. Morris L. Cooke, the noted management engineer. And the police authorities have taken the almost unique step of accepting the coöperation of the union in maintaining order, which had been disturbed, according to reliable reports, not by the strikers but by strike-breaking agencies.

It is an achievement for a union to be capable of capitalizing, in a dramatic way, the mistaken tactics of overzealous open-shop opponents and injunction-minded judges. Equally creditable is the working out of a constructive program which appeals to a substantial group of employers, in the presence of adverse conditions in the industry. The manufacture of silk hosiery, after experiencing a boom growth relatively more rapid than that of the automobile industry, is now faced with overdevelopment plus the usual concomitants of price-cutting and reduced profits. A favorite method of meeting the problem on the part of numerous non-union mills is to lower expenses by reducing wage disbursements. In the union mills it is not so easy to shift to the worker the burden resulting from too large investments which were made to meet an assumed insatiable demand from the feminine population for silk hosiery. But leaders of the Hosiery Workers realized that unyielding opposition, however valiant and dramatically staged it might be, would entail ultimate defeat.

The union, therefore, submitted last September a national agreement to the considerable number of firms with which collective bargaining has obtained. The agreement is novel in the manner in which it modifies the union's former absolute refusal to permit a knitter to operate more than one machine. With certain types of machines, under the new agreement, the management may operate 25 per cent of its equipment on the basis of two machines to each knitter. Time-and-motion studies, jointly supervised by management and union representatives, are provided for, and in other ways the union's active coöperation in the solution of production problems is enlisted. In their turn, managements agree to place no obstacles in the way of the union's carrying on organization work in all departments—at present membership is almost completely confined to the knitting department. Arbitration machinery, patterned after that in the clothing industries, is established on a national scale and mill owners are encouraged to form a national association.

Success ought to attend this realistic approach of the union to the industry's difficulties. The program aims to make a major contribution toward stabilizing the industry. There is an attempt to remove the temptation of wage-cutting as a cure-all for the ills of the industry. In place of systematically attempting to undermine wage standards, methods are to be sought which will effect other economies—with the union assuming a leading role in the search. As a "business proposition," this should appeal to non-union managements which do not find autocratic ways of dealing with labor as profitable as they anticipated. Unfortunately, indications are that too many of such managements, if they learn the wisdom of the union program at all, must first be taught by means of the strike. Recent disputes in Philadelphia and elsewhere would seem to show that the union is a willing and able teacher.

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That "Immoral" Questionnaire

THE report submitted to the American Association of University Professors on the dismissal of Professor De Graff and the suspension of Professor Meyer from the University of Missouri is one of the most important statements ever issued by the Committee on Academic Freedom and Tenure. Most of the cases which have been considered by this Committee have turned on the expression, inside or outside of college walls, of economic or religious views unacceptable to the supporters or patrons of the institution. In the present case, the professors mentioned were disciplined for employing a certain method of investigation, because the authorities thought, or pretended to think, that it would have some effect on the sexual morals of the students. Professors Meyer and De Graff were responsible for a questionnaire submitted to women students as part of a sociological investigation, in which they were asked to answer anonymously several questions such as these:

> If you were engaged to marry a man and suddenly learned that he had at some time indulged in illicit sexual relations, would you break the engagement?
>
> And if, after marriage, you were to find that your husband was sexually unfaithful to you, would you terminate your relations with him?
>
> Are your own relations with men restrained most by religious convictions, fear of social disapproval, physical repugnance, fear of pregnancy, lack of opportunity, fear of venereal diseases, or pride in your own ability to resist temptation?
>
> Would you favor the establishment of a legal system of "trial" marriage wherein a man and a woman would be not only privileged but expected to live in sexual intimacy for some days or weeks prior to their definite marriage in order to determine whether or not they were sexually compatible?

The President of the University and the Executive Board charged that this questionnaire "tended to make students sexually immoral"; that it was "shocking to students, especially to women students"; that it "could not produce any scientifically valid conclusion"; and that it "tended to create the condition that it is alleged to correct." The situation is precisely as if a board of trustees should forbid certain experiments in chemistry because they might introduce doubt as to the reality of transsubstantiation.

The essential question in the case is the right of the Board of Curators to pass upon methods of investigation. The Committee on Academic Freedom and Tenure, in a footnote, states that it "expresses no opinion on the value of the questionnaire procedure, deeming this a question for the judgment of specialists in the field concerned." But the special Committee, of which the chairman was Professor A. J. Carlson, a physiologist trained in the exact method of the laboratory, while admitting that "the questionnaire is not so satisfactory a fact-gathering device as the instruments of the older sciences," goes on to say that "it seems to be the most direct and at present the only available method of ascertaining what people regard to be right and wrong."

And in any case, says the Committee, "it is presumptuous for a Board of Curators to make pronouncements about the scientific value of any investigation. . . . Scientific validity has never been established by any legal procedure or by the dictates of any board." Indeed the incompetence of the Board to pass on such matters is shown by its muddle-headed remark about conditions which the questionnaire "is alleged to correct." With contemptuous terseness the Committee notes that there was nothing "to indicate that the questionnaire intended to reform the students to whom it was sent. . . . Scientific investigation does not necessarily try to correct anything. Its first aim is the establishment of facts."

The report of the Committee makes clear that the Board of Curators was led throughout the entire episode by their man on the job, President Stratton D. Brooks, whose course was marked by the tortuousness and evasion which in college too often marks the administration of the presidential office. As the recognized means of communication between instructors and their employers, a president might be expected to use his utmost endeavors to promote understanding between them. In this case, President Brooks gave the view-halloo to the pack as soon as the questionnaire broke as a newspaper scandal. He denounced the questionnaire as a "damn fool idea" and "sewer sociology." He stated that he gave his unqualified approval to an editorial in The Columbia Daily Tribune which described the questionnaire as "filthy, degrading, immoral, revolting and perverted in character and tone." By resorting to such demagogic tactics, President Brooks committed the Executive Committee and the Board of Curators to a disciplinary action which, in later conference with representatives of the Association, he indicated that he had opposed as too drastic.

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Factory Town

Sherwood Anderson Looks at Southern Industry

Inside the Factory

HERE at least is something going forward. Steel is brought in here. It becomes something man will use.

It becomes a coffee-grinder, a plow, a knife to cut bread, an automobile.

The wheels fly, the grinding machines grind. There are a thousand fabricating machines. They fabricate steel, cotton, silk.

The silk mill is a thing of glory. Once you enter it, give yourself to it, you will never forget the experience.

I went into a cotton mill. The looms were weaving ugly cloth. The machines worked with faultless precision. In a corner of a room were four women harnessing a loom.

The various colored threads were being passed through the complex machine. This was done slowly, painfully, by hand.

There, before the workers, was the design of the cloth to be made. Someone had designed the cloth.

Let us say it was to be used for the covers of the seats of automobiles.

There was this slow painful patient harnessing of the loom to make this cloth. Once the loom was harnessed it would go on and on, repeating the design over and over. Harnessing the loom was like laying out the telephone system of a city. It was as complex as that.

Now you start the loom. The wheels turn. All the little steel fingers run back and forth. The shuttles fly. The eyes cannot follow them, so swiftly they fly.

There is this cloth being made, a thousand yards, a hundred thousand yards, a million yards.

Automobiles by the thousands with this cloth covering the seats.

Who designed it? Why is it so ugly?

Suppose an artist were to come into this mill, to design cloth. Let him accept the limitations of the machine as the poet accepts the limitations of the sonnet form.

Here is something gay that might be done, something joyous.

The automobiles, with this cloth covering the seats, will travel on a thousand roads. Lovers will ride out of towns in the automobiles, middle-aged people, clerks, small merchants, lawyers in country towns, doctors, will take their wives and families out to the woods on Sunday.

The cloth being made here, in this factory, will go with them. The design is ugly. It is commonplace. The colors are without gaiety. There is no joy in this cloth being woven here in these looms.

The looms themselves are marvels of perfection. Every year the machines grow more and more complex. They run swiftly. There is a clatter, a whirl, a dance, going on in the factories.

There is more going on in the factories of America than anyone dreams of. All of those who make our laws, who write our books, who sing our songs, stay outside the factories.

I have met labor leaders who have never been inside factories or have merely passed through. There are no factory workers in the halls of Congress. The factory workers do not write for newspapers. They do not edit magazines.

Before day, through the long winter months, these men and women get up out of their beds . . . most of them in ugly houses . . . they eat hurriedly and stumble through dark streets to the gate in the factory yard.

The factories, in which so many millions of Americans work, become every year more and more like prisons. You must have permission to go in. You are escorted.

I would like to see the factories thrown open to all. Let all of us, who buy and sell, who write books, who argue cases in law courts, go in and stay in. Let us wander from machine to machine, seeing the wonder of the machines. Let us talk to the workers who are becoming every year more and more a part of the machines.

Modern industry is a Mississippi. It is a Mississippi in flood. No one understands it. It is controlled by a few men who are cunning in finance. They do not understand it. The factories have become as much a part of our lives as the forests, the fields, the rivers, but they are sealed up. We, on the outside, know little or nothing of them.

We know little or nothing of the lives of the workers. Their lives are lived in the factories. There, behind these walls, are these thousands of people. Within the factory walls they grow a little to know each other. Brief conversations are held. Glance meets glance. Loves come. Whole lives are lived inside the walls of the factories. The workers, coming out at the mill gate at night, or in the morning if they are on the night shift, are tired. They eat, sleep and return into the factories.

In every industrial center miles and miles of

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little ugly houses in grim streets. The factory workers are buried away in these streets. They are without social standing. Every year the factory workers fall lower and lower in the American social scale. Those who buy and sell, those who make nothing, feel themselves above the workers. They have succeeded in making the workers feel socially inferior. There is an odd humbleness in them.

The humbleness in the workers often results in an amazing kind of quality.

A man who had got rich writing books visited a mill town. Times were hard. There were many people out of work. The man went home and later sent them two barrels of apples. They were as pleased as children, not because they had received the apples but because a man, high up in the social scale, a successful man, a man whose name was on the front pages of newspapers, had noticed them, had remembered and had a kindly thought of them.

The lives of all the factory workers are precarious, and every year become more precarious. Every year the machines in the factories are improved, and with every improvement more and more men and women are thrown out of work. No man knows how long his job will last. There are unemployed men standing at the factory gate. When the job is lost everything is lost. The factory worker, who is strong and willing to work, becomes an object of charity.

Soup Kitchen

Have you ever visited a soup kitchen? I saw one recently in a Southern industrial town. Some seven hundred people were fed on the day I was there.

They were Americans, such people as you and I. I stood watching them. I was ashamed of my warm overcoat, my stout shoes.

I made men ashamed standing there.

There was one man approached the soup kitchen three times. Each time his eyes met mine. He was a man of perhaps forty. No doubt he had a wife and family at home. By an odd chance he looked exactly like pictures I have seen of the vice-president of the Southern Confederacy, Mr. Alexander Stephens. The man was ashamed that I, a strong, prosperous-looking man, should see him thus defeated, reduced to going to a soup kitchen for food. He stopped beside me. He lied. I had said nothing about his wanting hot soup. "I am not here for soup," he said defiantly. "I came here to meet a friend."

I moved away, went into a corner grocery where I bought a package of cigarettes. I stood by the door looking out. The man dashed into the soup kitchen—it was in the basement of a small church—ladies of the town, their automobiles standing in the street, were down inside there serving the soup.

Presently the man who looked like Alexander Stephens came out. He had consumed his soup and had been given a loaf of bread which he put under his coat. He came hurrying past the corner grocery inside which I stood. I drew back and he did not see me again.

Young girls came to the soup kitchen; children came; men and women came. There was an industry in a depressed state. The factories of the town were running on part time. Thousands of people were out of work.

A woman saw me standing before the store and asked about the soup kitchen. "Where is it?" she asked.

"I do not want any soup," she said quickly. She lied. I saw the hungry look in her eyes. She said she wanted to talk to some of the ladies who were serving the soup. "They are friends of mine," she said proudly.

There was an old workman who came to stand with me and who began to brag. He pointed to the line of people going in and out of the soup kitchen. "I am out of work," he said, "but thank God I am not like that.

"I save every cent when I have work," he said, "and I never take a drink.

"It's so," he said. He said that too many workmen, when they had been working all week, felt they had to have a bottle of moon when Saturday night came.

"They blow in their money like that," he said, "but I don't do it.

"I save mine," he said, "every cent of it.

"And now. You see," he said, "now I am out of work but I do not have to go there. I have got me a little money saved. Not much, but a little. I can stand here. I can watch the others go in. I can get me a few slices of pork to fry and some slices of bread," he said, putting his hands into his pockets and walking proudly away.

There is something broken and distraught about factory workers, out of work, shut out of the factories. They stand idly on street corners. There is a queer air of being disconnected with life. They are like hurt creatures standing there.

Automobiles whirl past them in the streets. The life of the city goes on. They have nothing to do, nowhere to go.

In the factories the wheels keep turning. The machines are there, the complex marvelous machines. Every year they become more marvelous, more complex.

They are ready to do their part. Man made them. These men and women, standing in the streets now, so distraught, looking and feeling so baffled, so out of place, are willing and ready to serve with the machines.

Sherwood Anderson.

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Wall Street and Hard Times

WHAT was the influence of the 1929 stock-market crash in the prevailing business depression? Since the crash was not accompanied by financial, mercantile or industrial failures, its influence upon business must almost wholly be measured by the speculators' direct money losses and decrease in purchasing power.

In the larger sense, stock-market speculation over considerable periods neither increases nor decreases total purchasing power. What someone gains somebody else loses, and if everybody gains it is because higher stock prices, out of which the speculator makes his profit, are justified and maintained by higher yields which stockholders would receive anyway. But considered in terms of time and distribution, stock-market speculation considerably affects purchasing power.

When rising prices in the market are justified and maintained by higher yields from increased earnings, almost everybody gains. The seller gets his profit immediately out of higher prices, the buyer out of prospective higher yields. The buyer loses nothing, the yield on his stock purchase price being satisfactory, while the seller's profit makes immediately available and spendable a portion of potential income. Speculative profits are not offset by losses, and immediate purchasing power increases. This was the situation in the years from 1922 to 1927, when higher stock prices expressed improved technological efficiency, increasing earnings and higher yields on stock.

It was different in 1928 and 1929, when stock prices shot skyward without any appreciable relation to earning power, average yields declining to 3 percent and in many active stocks to 1 percent—discounting not simply the future, but eternity itself. The market crash in October and November, 1929, brought average prices to about where they had been early in 1928. The losses, accordingly, were roughly equal to the speculative profits taken out of the market in those two years (but not to the profits of 1922-27). The bull market of 1928-29 was a sort of glorified poker game in which money simply changed hands, losses being offset by previous gains, except where these gains represented the profits of brokers, banks and foreign interests.

But while, in a poker game, gains and losses offset each other immediately, the players' aggregate purchasing power remaining the same, in the stock-market crash they did not. The speculative gains are past gains, acquired before the crash, and already spent or invested (where they were not the basis of new speculation). The losses, on the contrary, are present losses, and represent a decrease of purchasing power in terms of time and distribution. In discussing these stock-market losses in relation to business depression, three things are important: (1) How much real money was lost, (2) who lost it, and (3) how much of the money might have been spent on consumption goods.

How much money was lost in the crash?—The direct money (not paper) losses in the recent stock-market crash roughly equaled the profits taken out of the great bull market from early in 1928 to September, 1929, since the decline started in September and since, by the end of December, average stock prices were approximately at the level prevailing early in 1928. What was the amount of these profits? According to the income-tax report, profits realized in 1928 from the sale of real estate, stocks, bonds, mortgages and other capital assets were $4,786,000,000. Clearly only a part, if the larger part, of these profits represents speculative stock-market gains—say $3,000,000,000, of which probably $2,000,000,000 to $2,500,000,000 was wiped out in the 1929 crash, as prices did not decline below the prices prevailing early in 1928. Adding an estimate of the speculative profits for the ten months up to September, 1929, when the decline started, the realized profits in the bull market probably ranged from $3,000,000,000 to $4,000,000,000—which would equal the money losses in the stock-market crash.

This conclusion by and large is confirmed by a more direct analysis of the factors in the situation.

Between September and December, 1929, the "values" of all stocks on the New York Stock Exchange declined $25,000,000,000 from the high of $89,600,000,000. This wiping-out of paper values was comparatively unimportant to investors: they may "feel poorer," but have sustained no real loss, as yields on their stock are not affected. The consequences of their "poverty" are largely imaginary.

The question is: How much of the $25,000,000,000 decline in paper values was in stock held by speculators (margin traders), and how much of the decline involved a direct money loss?

The floating supply of stock is the basis of speculation. In 1922, according to the Federal Trade Commission, 11.9 percent of the common stock of corporations was held by brokers and speculators. (This estimate was based upon replies to a questionnaire by 4,367 corporations in all industries, representing 12 percent of total corporate stock.) But speculation in 1929 was much more active than in 1922, transactions on the New York Stock Exchange rising from 258,000,000 shares in 1922 to 1,124,000,000 shares in 1929, an increase of 335 percent. Most of the increase represented larger velocity in the turnover of shares: the aggregate sales in 1929 of ten stocks, including Radio, United

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States Steel, Montgomery Ward, General Motors and Anaconda, amounted to 198,260,000 shares, 17.6 percent of the year's total sales. Nevertheless, there was a considerable increase in the floating supply of stock. On September 30, 1929, the floating supply of United States Steel, as indicated by stock in brokers' names, was 25.2 percent of the total, twice what it was in 1922. There was a similar increase in the floating supply of all the more active issues, although the average increase for all stocks was smaller. It is probable that, just before the crash in October, the supply of stock used for speculative purposes was 20 percent (compared with 11.9 percent in 1922).

If speculative stockholdings constituted 20 percent of all stock, then the speculators' share of the $25,000,000,000 decline in paper values approximated $5,000,000,000—20 percent of the total paper losses, or 20 percent of the $89,600,000,000 aggregate stock values ($18,000,000,000), on which the average decline was 28 percent.

This estimate of $5,000,000,000 as the speculators' share in the market's paper losses may be checked by another calculation. In October, 1929, brokers' loans were $8,500,000,000. Against these loans, cash margins represented roughly $3,500,000,000 on the basis of the probable average margin being 40 percent (margins ranged from 33 to 50 percent, and 60 percent in the more volatile stocks). The combined total is $12,000,000,000, which in a stationary market would equal the stock held by speculators. But the market was not stationary. Prices rose continuously, and most stocks before the crash had considerably higher valuation than when bought. Assuming that average values were 35 percent higher than purchase prices, then stock held by speculators approximated $16,200,000,000, on which the average 28 percent decline in paper values would amount to $4,200,000,000.

Striking an average between the two estimates, we get the sum of $4,600,000,000 as the probable share of speculators in the paper losses on the New York Stock Exchange.

But this $4,600,000,000 was not the speculators' direct money loss. Some of the liquidated stock was bought almost at the peak, some at prices not much higher than the lows after the crash, while most of the stock was bought at prices in between. The direct money loss was sustained in the wiping out of margins, the total of which, before the crash, was $3,500,000,000. Not all margins were wiped out; but on the other hand, threatened traders put up additional margin as values declined, in a desperate attempt to save something from the wreck, and many lost more than their original margin. In this process, aggregate margins probably rose to $4,500,000,000. The wiping out of margins represents the direct money losses in the market crash. How much was the loss?

Colonel Leonard P. Ayres has said that brokers' loans roughly measure gains and losses in the stock market—in a market of advancing prices, the increase in brokers' loans represents the profits taken by successful speculators who have sold to someone else, while in a declining market the decrease in brokers' loans represents the losses of speculators either wiped out or compelled to put up more margin. Between October 1 and December 30, 1929, brokers' loans on the New York Stock Exchange decreased $4,500,000,000, which, according to Ayres's theory, is the amount of speculators' losses—equal to all the money in margins. That is undoubtedly too high, since it means that all margins were wiped out. The decrease in brokers' loans might measure losses if all speculators stayed in the market and put up additional margin. But many speculators sold and got out of the market, their stock being bought by investors and not by other speculators. Moreover, brokers' loans necessarily decrease as prices of stocks go down. A considerable part of the decrease in brokers' loans, therefore, represents simply a decline in speculation, speculative holdings and prices.

Making as good a guess as the situation permits, and bearing in mind that not all the $4,500,000,000 in margins was wiped out, the probable direct money losses aggregated $3,000,000,000.

Gains offset some of these losses, however. Since the market did not decline in one great crash alone, but by means of a series of up-and-down movements during the four months from September to December, there was an opportunity for bearish profits which were probably at least $250,000,000. The net money loss of speculators on the New York Stock Exchange then becomes $2,750,000,000. Assuming that the loss of speculators in markets other than the New York Exchange was $750,000,000 (roughly indicated by their prices and volume of trading), the final estimate of the aggregate direct money losses of speculators in the great crash of 1929 becomes $3,500,000,000 (a sum which offsets the realized profits of between $3,000,000,000 and $4,000,000,000 in the rising markets of early 1928 to September, 1929).

Who lost money in the crash?—In considering the relation of stock-market losses to business depression, *who* lost money is as important as *how much* money was lost.

Stock speculation, even at the height of the bull market, was a "relatively select" activity of the middle class and the very rich, contrary to the insistence of the prophets of prosperity that "the whole nation is speculating in stocks." The number of active speculators (margin traders) was limited to probably not more than 500,000, mostly people with incomes of $3,000 a year and over. These income groups received 69 percent of all speculative profits reported by income-tax payers in the years from 1918 to 1928. Incomes of more than $10,000 received 82 percent of the speculative profits in 1927 and 84 percent in 1928. Speculation, with its profits and losses, is practically a monopoly of the larger incomes.

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It follows, then, that the stock-market losses were largely confined to speculators with incomes of $3,000 a year and over. Clearly the small speculators lost little. If we assume the existence of 500,000 small speculators and an average loss of $500 each (generous estimates, both), their combined loss would amount to only $250,000,000—a trifling sum in comparison with the $3,500,000,000 aggregate money loss in the market crash.

When the stock market was booming, Wall Street insisted that millions and millions of people were speculating, that small speculators were amassing fabulous profits, and that stock-market speculation was identical with prosperity. Under influence of the hangover of the morning after the great spree, the situation is much more realistically appraised. The prophets of prosperity now insist that speculation and prosperity are not identical, while "people of small means" are no longer considered an important factor in the market.

In the spring of 1929 most brokerage houses, doing the overwhelming bulk of business on the New York Stock Exchange, decided to raise margins to 33 percent up to 50 percent, in some stocks 60 percent, and not to carry stocks on margin in less than twenty-five-share lots. This was done to "freeze out" small speculators who were becoming a nuisance in the midst of flourishing business and were considered dangerous to the market; it was thought that they might become frightened, start selling and precipitate a crash. At the time of the actual crash in October and November there were few small speculators in the market on margin.

The crash and business depression.—Since their losses were inconsiderable, the stock-market crash did not materially affect the purchasing power of the mass of people with incomes below $3,000 (96 percent of the gainfully occupied). Their purchasing power would be affected only if the crash produced declining business and unemployment.

The loss in consumptive purchasing power of the speculators with incomes of $3,000 and over, it must be emphasized, was not the same as their direct money loss of approximately $3,500,000,000. In the first place, part of the loss represents profits previously obtained in the market. In the second place, neither speculative profits nor losses are merely factors in consumptive purchasing power. Not all market gains are spent on consumption goods, the bulk of them being either invested or used again in speculation. Consequently most of the losses represent a subtraction, not from immediate consumptive purchasing power, but from potential investment and speculative income. Of the aggregate direct money loss of speculators, $1,000,000,000 might at the utmost have been spent in consumption if it had not been lost in the market.

The loss in investment and speculative income is not serious. We can easily dispense with speculation, and there is an abundance of investment capital available. The loss of consumptive income is more serious, but it represents roughly only 2.5 percent of the $40,000,000,000 spent yearly on consumption goods (1928 retail sales). It is, in fact, probably only one-half of that, since speculators, unless completely wiped out, have other sources of income and are not apt to lower their standard of living (except in expenditures on conspicuous consumption).

Serious as is this decrease in purchasing power, its importance is minor in comparison with other and major factors. Yet the stock-market crash is emphasized as the cause of the prevailing business depression. All the indices, however, show that business was not fundamentally sound and that the recession started in August, two months before the market crash. The Federal Reserve Board index of general industrial activity began to decline in July, the decline continuing until the end of 1929. The Annalist index of business activity declined sharply in August, the decline, according to The Annalist, suggesting "that August may have marked an important turning point in the current business cycle." The index declined until December, when it stood at 90.1, in comparison with the low level of 86.8 in the minor depression of 1924 and 81.6 in the major depression of 1921.

The Credit Clearing House index of wholesale trade began its decline early in September and continued to decline until December, rising in January but still remaining below the level of January, 1929.

Building construction and employment began to decline in August, and by December construction was at the lowest level since July, 1924.

Factory employment and pay rolls, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, started to decline in August and are still declining. Employment in December, 1929, was 3.8 percent lower than in December, 1928, pay rolls, 5.8 percent lower, and per capita earnings, 2.2 percent lower.[1] Between September and December factory employment decreased by approximately 697,000 workers.

The business recession, clearly, started much before the market crash in October and November. The influence of the crash, however, is seen in the accelerated downward movement in November, the decline in The Annalist index of business activity for that month being the largest since 1919.

It appears, then, that the market crash was partly a consequence of business depression, but not the cause. Contrary to the accepted theory that it discounts the future of business, the stock market in 1928–29 seems to have been discounting the past. During the years from 1922 to 1927, there was an immense improvement in technological efficiency and in the earning power and profits of corporations. Earnings and stock prices moved upward together. The speculators awoke to this develop-

[1] The fact that pay rolls have declined more than employment may suggest that wage-rates are being cut in spite of all the press-agentry concerning promises "to maintain wages." (According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, factory per capita earnings in January, 1930 were 3 percent lower than in December, 1929.)

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ment in 1927 and began to shoot stock prices upward, apparently under the illusion that efficiency, business and profits would increase forever. Stock prices mounted dizzyingly, even in the midst of the minor cyclical depressions of 1927-28, assisted by an abundance of credit. When, instead of larger profits to make good the higher prices of stocks, there developed another business recession in 1929, the gas bubble of speculation burst.

The market crash has undoubtedly intensified the prevailing depression, but it is useless to make scapegoats of the stock market and the speculators. The recession started before the crash and its cause must be sought in the interacting relations of production, consumption and purchasing power, in the factors disturbing the equilibrium between production and consumption which produces recession and depression. The causes and the cure of business depression are not in depression itself, but in the previous period of prosperity and boom. It is a problem in the social control of industry.

LEWIS COREY.

How to Get Out of Haiti

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S commission has returned from Port-au-Prince. Its task was to determine "when and how" to withdraw from Haiti. If the United States wishes to remain indefinitely in that benighted country, it will be easy to find reasons for doing so. We went there in 1915 to "terminate the appalling conditions of anarchy, savagery and oppression which had been prevalent in Haiti for decades." And it is natural for timid spirits to insist that if we now withdraw these "appalling conditions" will reappear. These fears have not apparently impressed President Hoover. He is willing to run the risk of evacuation. In his statement of February 4 he pointedly declared, "We have no mandate to continue the present relationship" after 1936—the date when the occupation treaty expires. In the light of this statement, the task of the Forbes Commission must be to work out a plan for definite withdrawal within the next six years.

The first problem that confronted the Commission was how to restore constitutional government. No election in Haiti for the Chamber of Representatives has been held for thirteen years; neither the Haitian Parliament nor the National Assembly has met since 1917. These elections must now be held; the Parliament and National Assembly must be restored. In other words, the present American-supported dictatorship must give way to a native government which will command the respect of the articulate portion of the Haitian population.

Immediately upon its arrival in Haiti the Commission found that this constitutional question was particularly acute, because of the fact that President Borno's term of office expires this coming May. Under the system of electing presidents installed by the American occupation, President Borno could name his successor through his control over a hand-picked Council of State. After hearing testimony, the Commission soon reached the opinion that nothing would be more disastrous to the solution of the American-Haitian problem than to allow the next president to be chosen by this autocratic means. Consequently, on March 9, the Forbes Commission announced a plan whereby all of the groups should agree upon a neutral whom the Council of State would automatically elect provisional president. On March 16 it was announced that the Haitian groups had selected M. Eugene Roy, a Haitian business man who had never been in politics, for this post. M. Roy will assume office on May 15 and he is pledged to call elections for the Haitian legislature "at the earliest possible date." When the chambers convene in National Assembly, M. Roy will resign, and the National Assembly will then proceed to elect a regular president.

Thus the Forbes Commission has boldly tackled the problem of restoring the constitutional machinery of Haiti, and there is no reason why this machinery should not be put in operation within the next six months. But the real problem confronting the Forbes Commission is how to turn over the administrative machinery of the country to Haitian hands. The Haitian legislature may be quickly restored, but responsibility for carrying on the day-by-day work of the government cannot without injury be imposed upon the Haitian people overnight. Much of the administrative machinery, which has been built up by American officials, is complicated and unwieldy. And it will take a transitional period of several years to make this machinery simple enough so that Haitians may safely take the throttle.

During this transitional period, an American representative and the treaty officials should remain in Haiti, but their function should be, not to administer the government, as they have in the past, but to advise the Haitian president and Cabinet as to administration. For example, full responsibility for the collection and disbursement of revenue should be transferred from the American financial adviser to the Haitian minister of finance, who would, however, remain subject to a periodic American audit. An outstanding Haitian might also be made commandant of the Haitian Garde, though he should remain under the supervision of American military advisers. Many of the Americans holding subordinate positions in the govern-

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ment might be immediately discharged; those that remain should merely inspect native administration, as do the "Belo" inspectors installed by Governor-General Stimson in the Philippines.

Whether or not administrative authority is successfully transferred to the Haitian Cabinet during the next few years will depend very much upon the man selected by President Hoover as the American minister who presumably will replace the present High Commissioner. With the restoration of the Haitian Parliament, it will no longer be possible for the American representative to dictate measures as in the past. Henceforth, the consent of the Parliament to the enactment of the budget and other laws will be necessary. The American minister will have to use the utmost tact and diplomacy if deadlocks are to be prevented. Unless a Marshal Lyautey or a Lord Lugard can be found, no military or naval officer should be asked to carry out such delicate duties.

As a matter of fact, it should be easier to evacuate Haiti than it was to withdraw from Santo Domingo. We have recognized the nominal existence of a native government in Haiti, whereas Santo Domingo was ruled under a rigid form of military control between 1916 and 1924, without the coöperation of any Dominican authorities. Before withdrawing from that country we had to restore the entire framework not only of the Dominican legislature, but also of the administrative and police systems. So appalling were the prospects that at first we insisted upon the right to retain control over the constabulary following evacuation. But the Dominicans rigorously resisted this demand, as well as all suggestions that the United States supervise the presidential election that preceded our withdrawal. We finally left Santo Domingo, bag and baggage, in 1924, leaving behind only a customs receivership based originally on a convention of 1907.

None of the dire fears as to the future of Santo Domingo following American evacuation has materialized. Graft may exist in certain branches of the government; and there may be some maladministration. It is true, moreover, that in the latter part of February, 1930, a bloodless revolution drove President Vasquez from power. But it was a revolution provoked by the effort of Vasquez, in imitation of President Machado, to remain indefinitely in office. The revolution was not a proof of instability; it was proof of the determination of the people to prevent the establishment in Santo Domingo of conditions that already exist in Haiti and Cuba.

The final question for the Forbes Commission to decide is whether the United States should demand that Haiti employ American advisers or experts following evacuation. On the day that the Forbes Commission was appointed, President Hoover announced that Dr. Moton of Tuskegee and other Negro educators would make an independent study of the educational system of Haiti "with a view of recommendations for the future." This may or may not mean that the President contemplates fastening a system of educational advisers upon Haiti. In any case this educational sub-commission, composed of American Negroes, familiar not with Latin culture but with the vocational system of Tuskegee, is bound to be unpopular.

There is no function of government which touches the soul of a people so closely as does education. Through it the language, traditions and ideals of a nation are preserved. The past system of vocational education introduced into Haiti by the American occupation has been bitterly resented by Haitians, on the ground that it aims to supplant Haitian culture with Anglo-Saxon materialism, and that it has been imposed upon the Haitians, to the exclusion of cultural education, because they are black, and therefore, in American eyes, unfit to become anything more than hewers of wood and drawers of water. It would be difficult to exaggerate the feeling in Haiti over the educational question.

As far as financial or military advisers are concerned, the United States has more material interests involved. The loan contract of 1922 provides for the continuance of the existing customs receivership until the repayment of the National City Bank loan. Such repayment will probably have taken place by 1943. The United States should have no valid reason to demand the continuance of the receivership after this date. Nevertheless, if Haiti should wish to employ foreign advisers in regard to finance or other matters after American evacuation in 1936, she would merely be following the practice of many of the new governments of Europe, and also of China. But public opinion should make sure that such advisers are not forced upon Haiti by the United States as a condition of evacuation, as was the convention of 1915. Furthermore, Haiti should realize that the United States is not the only source of foreign advisers. During the last ten years the League of Nations has worked out a remarkably effective technique for assisting needy countries, a technique which it has applied in the financial reconstruction of Austria and Hungary and in the settlement of refugees in the Balkans. Far from injuring the interests of the United States, the employment of League advisers by Haiti, who is already a member of the League, would do away with the torrents of criticism periodically directed against the State Department for its extra-legal and irresponsible efforts to reform the countries of the Caribbean. As long as we acknowledge the independence of those countries, we cannot claim any exclusive right to regenerate them. The Forbes Commission will not, of course, recommend any plan of League advisers for Haiti; but it is an idea which the Haitians, if they really fear the so-called "imperialism" of the United States, should keep in the back of their minds.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL.

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The Red Menace Comes to Baltimore

THE RED MENACE definitely passed out of the life of Baltimore at noon on the sixth of March. The immediate cause of its demise was strangulation. It had the misfortune to come to grips with some unknown humorist in the police department, and it is no more. There was a demonstration in Baltimore March 6, but it was a demonstration so disastrous to Communism that the local capitalists have been sleeping soundly ever since.

As a matter of fact, the Red Menace had never achieved any impressive success in the Maryland Free State, largely on account of Baltimore's irrepressible tendency to giggle at the wrong moment. Immediately after the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, there was a moment of tension, created by a series of curiously senseless bombings. Somebody attempted to blow up the morgue, and a bomb was exploded at a sewage-disposal plant. These affairs aroused more wonder than apprehension, but things suddenly grew serious when the back of the Mayor's residence was wrecked by an explosion one night.

Momentarily Baltimore took the Red Menace seriously; the next morning the wags were at work, assiduously spreading the report that there had been no bombing. All that had occurred was that His Honor's private still had exploded. It was a horrid libel on the blameless Mr. Broening, who never did such in all his life, but it broke the tension completely. The specter of social revolution was blown away by the gale of laughter.

Nevertheless, the Mayor had had to build a new kitchen, and not even Baltimore could laugh that off. So when the sixth of March approached, and the handful of Communists in the city announced a great parade of the unemployed which they would conduct without the formality of first procuring a permit, there developed a great curiosity as to what the police would do. For it is written in the ordinances that nobody shall parade in Baltimore city without a permit.

General Charles R. Gaither, police commissioner, refused to be drawn. "I assume that they will obey the law," was his reply to every question as to his attitude toward the demonstration. But they didn't. The sixth actually arrived, and no permit had been issued. Toward noon police began to appear along the route of the proposed parade, and the plaza in front of the City Hall was roped off; but these steps had been taken when Queen Marie, and Lindbergh, and Al Smith rode through the city. They were merely the usual preparations.

Then, when the Communists were actually assembling in their headquarters preparatory to marching out, suddenly into the City Hall marched a vast and imposing police sergeant, shepherding a Negro man. The latter gave the name of George Alexander Turnipseed, announced that he was a member of the Communist party, and formally applied for a permit to hold a parade. It was issued instantly. Comrade Turnipseed and the sergeant then repaired to the spot where the parade was assembling. There the police captain in charge of that district gravely collected the permit and ordered his men to clear the streets. The law had been obeyed; but as soon as he had delivered the permit, Comrade Turnipseed vanished, and all the efforts of all the newspaper reporters in Baltimore have not availed to find him. The address he gave was fictitious, and while there are many Turnipseeds in the city, George Alexander is not listed among them.

But the parade was an immense success. It was led by a private inspector, followed by a squad of motorcycle cops. Then came an immense throng of newspaper reporters and camera men, dashing in every direction like a swarm of midges. Then came more cops. Then came a bedraggled group of people, variously estimated at from 150 to 300. They were mostly Negro men and boys, with a sprinkling of whites. They carried banners—one read, "Join the Unemployed," which drew guffaws—and endeavored to sing, but without much success, for the noise of traffic made it impossible to hear the words. Then came a large police captain in an automobile, and after him cops in platoon formation from curb to curb, rank after rank of them, marching rigidly at attention, preternaturally grave. Finally, there was a large automobile, marked "Press," and after that the traffic.

Into a block in Lexington Street, kept open by the police, they swarmed, and there their speakers mounted boxes and began their orations. But unfortunately a church across the way was conducting a Lenten service, and as the second speaker began, the great bells in the church tower started ringing; and that effectually extinguished the oration.

In the meantime, in the City Hall overlooking the demonstration, Howard Bryant, acting mayor of Baltimore—Mayor Broening had not returned from a vacation in Florida—awaited a delegation which had promised to visit him. He waited in vain for an hour and a half, and then sent the police commissioner to find out what caused the delay. Presently the commissioner returned with news that the Communists had decided to forego their call, and the acting mayor went out to lunch.

He was wearing a bright red rose in his buttonhole, and the Mayor's secretary was wearing a red necktie, and the president of the fire board was wearing a red carnation. Pure coincidence, said all these officials, grinning. But the town laughed, and when the news about Comrade Turnipseed came out it laughed still more. It has laughed so much, indeed, that the Red Menace is pretty well laughed out of existence in Baltimore city.

But underneath the laugher is a pretty solid conviction that in dealing with Red Menaces a policeman with a sense of humor is more valuable than one with a tear bomb. At least he suits the Free State better.

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

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Washington Notes

THE most interesting and unexpected event in Washington in a long time was the crumbling of the Progressive-Democratic coalition, which had been in control of the Senate for months, and the regained dominance of the regular Republican organization, supposed to be on the rocks. It has suddenly changed the whole tariff picture, and has added to, not subtracted from, the painful position of the Great Engineer in the White House. By common consent, credit for patching up the old machine and picking off enough of the reachable Democrats and Progressives to give it a majority is given to Old Joe Grundy, the most notorious tariff lobbyist of his time, now a Senator of the United States. It was a skillful piece of work, done by a man of experience and determination. When the Honorable David A. Reed returns from London, where I am told his social activities have pretty nearly worn him out, it will fill him with chagrin to find that the job he couldn't do, and the fight he gave up as hopeless, have been done and won by his new colleague in the Senate, the hard-boiled old boy whom he privately (very privately indeed) dislikes, and to whom from now on he will be a Senate subordinate. For there is no doubt at all that Old Joe has made himself the real Republican leader. The majestic Watson still retains the title, and the meek and sluggish Jones is his official assistant and probably will become his official successor some day. Also the agile McNary functions fairly well as the whip and pacifier. But the force is supplied by Grundy, and they will go in his direction, at least so far as matters in which he has a strong personal interest—and the chief of these is the tariff—are concerned.

Moreover, his new combination, which at this moment is rewriting the rewritten tariff bill as fast as it can be done, in all probability will hold through to the finish of this fight. There will be a desperate effort on the part of the old coalition leaders, by threats and persuasion, to bring the deserters back into line, but hardly anyone thinks it will succeed. The Grundy strategy was planned, not merely for the votes that restored the rates on cement and sugar, wool and lumber, but for the whole route. Of course unexpected things often happen in the Senate, and it may be that the Progressive-Democratic alliance can be reunited on the final votes; but the best judgment is that the defections engineered by Old Joe are permanent and that the Senate will pass the Grundy-made bill according to schedule. It may even be before the conference committee by the time this piece appears in print. If so, its character will be more open to attack than when the bill first came from the House in all its pristine glory of general revision upward. The rates on the principal industrial schedules and on a lot of minor commodities will be higher than the House rates. The whole tariff wall will be raised higher than it has ever been before, higher than anyone thought it ever would be, higher in every direction than the bewildered Herbert had the remotest conception that it would be when he made his early and almost forgotten limited-revision recommendation.

That is the grand, gaudy, Grundy idea. Under the circumstances, with neither White House support nor anything like a regular majority, the fact that this red-faced, white-haired old campaign collector could bust the coalition just as it was about to put the finishing touches on a hard winter's work is a tribute to his skill as a master political mechanic. It is also a demonstration of the inherent weakness of a coalition saddled with responsibility, which I have heretofore pointed out in this place. As to the effects of the Grundy game if successfully played to the finish, several things stand out. One is the bitterness created within the Progressive-Democratic ranks—a bitterness so intense that it has in several instances reached a highly personal stage. Hard names are being called, sinister motives attributed, by those loyal to the coalition principles to those who were disloyal. And as is usually the case, among those who deserted in the critical stage were men who had been more noisy than anyone else in proclaiming the purity of their souls and voicing their detestation of the high industrial rates which their desertion now makes possible. A second interesting effect of the breakdown of the Progressive-Democratic alliance under the Grundy assault is the pathetic fix in which it promises to put the estimable and well-meaning Mr. Hoover. As far as the tariff is concerned, the Borah views are much closer to the Hoover views than are those of the Old Guard revision-upward combination. It grieved Herbert at the start that the regular Republican Senators would not follow his wishes for limited revision. He hated to see his ideas carried out by a combination of personally hostile Democrats and Progressives, particularly when they were going too far for him in the other direction.

Nevertheless, it is true that the coalition rewriting of the tariff bill was clearly along Hoover lines. His hope was that by keeping quiet and waiting for it to reach the conference committee before applying White House pressure, he would get practically what he wanted. It did look for a long time as if it might work out that way, but not now. Now, the best informed opinion is that the conference will knock out the debenture plan, present a compromise flexible provision, but accept in the main the Senate rates, which are higher than the House rates. This will, of course, confront Mr. Hoover with the unpleasant alternative of vetoing a Republican tariff bill, passed after a year of continuous congressional activity, or accepting a bill that clearly clashes with his promises and recommendations—a bill which is plainly foreign to his desire, which was passed in defiance of his known wish, and which will be open to easy attack from the Democrats, despite the fact that it could not have been passed without a certain number of Democratic votes.

If he vetoes the bill he will intensify the hostility of the Old Guard leaders, turn Old Joe and the Senators who follow him into open, instead of covert, enemies and leave himself with practically no Senate friends save ineffectual fellows of the Allen, Capper, Fess type. Further, to veto it would be a terrible shock to that great and good man, Mr. Mellon, who is not without his stake in these tariff rates and who is not without his ideas of what it is all about. Such a veto might so shock Mr. Mellon that he actually would resign from the Cabinet, though that would

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be a shock indeed. On the other hand, if Mr. Hoover signs the bill, it will mean that the Grundy forces have made a joke of him by giving him an indefensible measure of which he dares not disapprove.

Altogether, this last turn of the tariff wheel, in my judgment, is a tougher break for Herbert than for anyone else—except, indeed, for the 120,000,000 people who will have to bear the added burden of the increased rates. I have not heretofore thought there was any way by which the Democrats could get a real campaign issue out of the tariff fight. It looks now as if I were at least partly wrong. It is a pity, from their standpoint, that there is so little genuine popular interest in the tariff. It is also a pity that the passage of a bad bill had to depend upon Democratic support. It is calculated that these things will dilute the effectiveness of the tariff issue this fall. If Old Joe succeeds, however, and Hoover signs his bill, the effect will not be lost. There is material enough to count at least in some states. In the last analysis, the man who will be damaged most is Hoover. Whichever way the cat jumps, it is hard to see how he can help getting hurt. There is, of course, the possibility that if he has the nerve to veto the bill he may reëstablish himself as such a popular hero that neither Grundy hostility nor Mellon shock need worry him. It would, however, take a lot of nerve—more, I think, than he has.

Washington. T. R. B.

Shall We Have the Horse?

The Last Mile, by John Wexley. Sam H. Harris Theater, February 13, 1930.

Mei Lan-fang and his Company, in Repertory. National Theater, March 9, 1930.

THE LATEST play of prison life, death, horror and suspense has been very considerably acclaimed; for a moment, in fact, we were again about to have an immortality on our hands. The curtain rises on the death cells, a row of them, seven perhaps. Overhead are holes in the ceiling from which the light descends and brings into relief the faces of the men in the cells, the one in No. 13, a Negro, and next to him an addled man who quotes poetry off and on at painful intervals. A young man is to be electrocuted that night. He and his neighbors eagerly wait for his reprieve. Gradually we learn his story.

He has been madly in love with a girl, bought her a ring, been scorned by her, has assaulted her, struck her, and seen her in her fall crash her head against a stone and die. The rest of the company are there for various murders. One, a young chap, is on the point of becoming a father, and is to die in a fortnight. They talk; at the door the gong is sounded every few minutes and someone enters, to read the death warrant, to bring food, to bring a present of cigars, and what not; we witness the ministrations of the priest and the visit of a Christian worker of the most nauseous, optimistic type. Up to the last the men hope; and then the officials appear, to lead the young man, a slip of a chap to the chair. We wait; the lights dim for the current in the death chamber; a moment passes; they dim again for a second administration of the current. The curtain falls.

In the next scene there arrives a moment when the leading criminal can reach his hands out through the bars and strangle the guard, who is at the moment doing some service for one of the inmates. The cells are opened; there is a mutiny; officials are captured and shut into the cells; machine guns begin outside, soldiers are lined up there, various officials are shot when the head warden does not agree to the prisoners' terms. By the time the play ends, only two prisoners are left, the priest and three or four of the officials. There has been much shooting, smoke, window-breaking and throwing of dead men into the courtyard as a warning to the warden. The leader of the mutiny consents to shoot the young man who is wounded and cannot bear to go through the suspense again; and then goes out himself to meet the machine guns.

Mei Lan-fang's new program presents first the play of the favorite who comes to the palace only to find that her lord is absent with another woman. The eunuchs try to ease her mind with assurances of his speedy return; they give her wine; she and her maids kneel to await him. The attendants are obliged at last to disillusion her; they try to mend matters by coaxing her to drink more and more. She leaves in despair.

After that there comes a play in which ridicule is used to defeat an enemy. Then comes a dance, by Mei Lan-fang and a sort of shadow partner; then a play in which a fisherman and his daughter are persecuted by the Manchu's official in order to extract from them a remarkable pearl that is in their possession. The fisherman at length returns from the court bruised and beaten; he and his daughter, who is as good a fighter as he, set off, after bidding the home farewell, to kill the ruler. They are admitted to his presence under the pretext of the daughter's showing him the pearl. She cuts his throat with a sword that has been hidden beneath her cloak. She and her father then defend themselves against the palace guard and make their escape.

As a matter of fact, "The Last Mile," though it traffics no doubt in agony, prison situations, suspense and death, is as reality scarcely convicing at all, except in the most superficial sense. It is what is called photographic, by which is meant that it does nothing to the original and gives us things exactly as they are. The term has doubtless some deeper meaning, but in general, *photographic,* applied to art, means very little and is most misleading. To make a work of art present a thing exactly as it is, implies far more than the mere intention of reproduction. Even applied to photography itself, *photographic* in this sense means little, since, as everyone knows, photographs vary endlessly, are dependent on accidents, or choices, of lighting; on lenses, photographers' picturesque preferences, and so on. Admitting *photographic,* nevertheless, for lack of a better term, I should say that very rarely during "The Last Mile" did I have any feeling that I was in the death cells of a prison. To get such an effect there must be subtle contrivances in light, in the actors' positions, in the noises, and in the visual patterns that stamp themselves on the mind as expressing the very essence of the moment and situation. As for being excited, I was now and again excited by the suspense, the noise of guns and smashing windows—an excitement that made me feel like some little boy reading a murder story or some spectator at the gun-shot melodramas now long since out of style. As for being moved, there were but two moments when I was moved at all. When

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the slim young fellow, almost a boy, was lying wounded in the darkened cell and begging his friend to shoot him: that was very touching. When, in the first act, that slip of a lad was being hustled out of the room by that bulky group of officials, the effect was moving and tragic. Both these effects lasted perhaps a minute each, out of the whole evening; and both were achieved, not only by the bare actual fact of what was happening, but also by genuinely effective stage contrivance. In the first there was the noise outside, the chaos in the room, the shadowy darkness in the cell where the boy lay groaning, whining, begging like a child. In the second instance, the light from the door of the death room falling on the frail young body, the strong bulk of the men pushing behind him, stamped on the eye the pitiful meaning. A moment later came the dimming of the light for which all of us, on and off the stage, were waiting; then a pause; then the second current registered again in the lights going down.

But this last was not affecting at all. Real acting, and real stage invention, visually, would be necessary for that. And this is a comment on the whole production. There was not enough real acting, there was too much mere fitting of the characters to types; there was too great a lack of subtle detail, of any felt or profound version of the reality we were to assume as presented to us. One has only to think of the Russians doing Gorky's play of the lower depths to see what semi-trash this is at the Harris. It assumes depths in which it fails, and so is less than a good jolly murder piece, mysterious with creeping flesh and keen contrivance.

The ridicule play, in which Mei Lan-fang himself took no part, was humorous, exact and achieved with a final delightful completeness and summation, like one of the old Chinese paintings of the more burly sort. Mei Lan-fang in his numbers repeated the poetry and technical perfection that he has already shown. The movements are fluent but accurate, the effect calculated at every turn. There were the same final grace and taste, the same distillation of the material into an art. The rhythms of this art arise from a fusion of all the mediums of the theater—music, song, speech, written words, dancing. This dancing is a part of the whole movement, and the best comment on that point is the fact that in the Chinese language there is no word for *dance*. In the fisherman piece, I must add, the costumes are as beautiful as I have ever seen.

It is obvious that to compare this Chinese art with "The Last Mile" is unfair. One is the best example of its kind; the other, a moderately passable play, with almost no acting at all, merely casting on the director's part, energy and excitation on the part of the players, and some minor projections now and then into acting terms. Taking "The Last Mile," however, as authentic realism, we can enter into highly interesting reflections by considering it side by side with this other extreme in the theater art that the Chinese company presents. For one thing, this picture in "The Last Mile" of prison agonies and horror, if seen merely as such, is barbarous and raw, not without resemblances to the arena tastes of the Roman rabble. Everything depends on a dramatic imagination that could force such elements into significance; the raw reality might clinch some meaning, which should in turn illuminate and inform the reality; and all would thus be justified. There are numberless other points. Which is more sophisticated and grown-up: to need to see the horse standing on the stage or merely to suggest him with a movement of a decorative whip, and go on with the matter of the play? What about the sublimation of the actor's egotism and incidental personality, in the Chinese and in our theater methods? What about the training, the security, the intention of fine meanings in each? What of the coördination in the actor's employment of himself as a medium, and what of the combination of the many theater mediums? What of the taste? What of the immediacy of application to life, to the stir of what is close at hand, and the advantages of that? And so on.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Wanted: A Humanist Masterpiece

SIR: The undersigned, who have been very much interested in the recent writings of the Humanist School of Literary Criticism and who desire to study the Humanist principles in practice, would be glad to know of a contemporary work of art either produced by an American Humanist or encouraged and approved by one.

R. P. BLACKMUR, LOUISE BOGAN, SLATER BROWN, KENNETH BURKE, JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, MALCOLM COWLEY, HART CRANE, EDWARD DAHLBERG, BABETTE DEUTSCH, HERBERT S. GORMAN, C. HARTLEY GRATTAN, HENRY HAZLITT, GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN, GRANVILLE HICKS, RAYMOND HOLDEN, MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, T. S. MATTHEWS, F. O. MATTHIESSEN, KATHERINE ANNE PORTER, PHELPS PUTNAM, JOHN CROWE RANSOM, BURTON RASCOE, JOHN RIDDELL, PAUL ROSENFELD, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, GILBERT SELDES, GENEVIEVE TAGGARD, ALLEN TATE, MARK VAN DOREN, JOHN WHEELWRIGHT, EDMUND WILSON, STARK YOUNG.

New York City.

Scrubbing the Halls of Learning

SIR: Among the various "official explanations" which have been given regarding the dismissal of the Harvard cleaning women, the latest, delivered by State Representative Henry L. Shattuck, treasurer of the University, at the State House on February 7, places an entirely new distinction upon Harvard University. He declared that the cleaning women were never paid below the 37-cent an hour minimum wage level, because, though paid only 35 cents an hour, the women daily took a 20-minute rest period and thereby reduced their actual working time so that the 35-cent hourly pay really meant that the women who worked on a 5-hour schedule were getting 37.5 cents an hour and those who worked shorter hours received correspondingly more.

Harvard's unique distinction lies in the fact that no other employer of cleaning women on record at the State Department of Labor, so far as I have been able to learn, docks the women's wages for the time taken for these rest periods. Nor has any other employer of cleaning women, according to my inquiries, ever advanced such a claim with the Minimum Wage Commission.

Mr. Shattuck should be asked why it was not until March 8, 1928, the date of the letter, that the Commission agreed to the no-pay-for-rest-periods basis of figuring. The decree covering these women was published in December, 1920, to take effect February 1, 1921. Copies of the decree were sent to Harvard, among other employers of cleaning women, for posting where the women work. Inspectors from the Department of Labor inspected Harvard early the next year on the basis of the decree. What happened during

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those seven years? Why was the no-pay-for-rest-periods agreement not reached at the start? Furthermore, Mr. Shattuck should be asked why, if the Commission agreed to that basis in its letter of March 8, 1928, it suddenly reversed itself the following year and sent the December ultimatum which led to the abrupt dismissal of the women. Was it because, to use Mr. Shattuck's words, "the college apparently omitted to furnish the formal evidence requested by the Commission in this letter"? Why did the college "omit" to furnish this evidence? Mr. Shattuck should also be asked why the official explanation given to Harvard alumni through The Alumni Bulletin by Arthur L. Endicott, controller of the University, did not adduce the same claim as to no pay for rest periods which Mr. Shattuck made at the State House a week later.

Mere mention of Harvard's dismissal of nine of the women on the Saturday before Christmas without advance notice or pay, whether for good or bad reasons, is disgraceful enough in itself, according to several of my friends. The issue seems to me to go far beyond that act of apparent callousness.

First, we find President A. Lawrence Lowell, in a letter in reply to the inquiry of the Reverend William H. Duvall regarding one of the women, stating that the women were discharged because the "Minimum Wage Board has been complaining at our employing women for such purposes at less than 37 cents an hour." Secondly, two weeks after this letter became news, Mr. Endicott issued an official explanation contradicting President Lowell and claiming that the reorganization of the building administration (which took nine years to accomplish) was the reason for the women's dismissal. Thirdly, a week after Mr. Endicott's statement, Mr. Shattuck came forward with his remarkable explanation.

The picture, I submit, is one of Harvard caught in a nine-year law vasion trying to extricate herself and, through her officials, showing none of that scientific concern for facts which we are led to believe should govern a great educational institution. The episode seems to me symbolic of the official Harvard attitude towards the problems of the lowly human being.

An investigation of Harvard's general treatment of all its employees—no pension system, no accident or sickness compensation, no insurance—will, I believe, trouble some of the alumni.

Boston, Mass. GARDNER JACKSON.

Mr. Vaas Nominates

SIR: I should like to see nominated in 1932 Norris for President and Glass for Vice-President.

Swift River, Mass. ROGER VAAS.

The Simple Truth About Parity

SIR: Is it ever worth while to blurt out in public the timple, logical truth, even when the state of human prejudice makes action directly upon the truth impracticable? If it is, you may care to print this letter.

The way to get disarmament or limitation is to make war dangerous for all the potential parties to it, for it seems to take only one (not two) to make a war. Great Britain is ready to yield parity to the United States because she believes war between the two nations to be unthinkable. The converse of this proposition is true: given parity, war becomes very nearly unthinkable. If neither nation has any assurance that it possesses an increment of strength over the other, neither would dare to face war unless incited by the other. Parity would mean equilibrium and there should be no action.

The way to implement the Kellogg Pact is obviously to grant parity to all the signatories, which means as a practical matter the five nations conferring at London. Such an arrangement, realized in fact, ought to make a two-nation war nearly impossible. Combinations would still be possible, but, whatever the London conference does or does not do, it will still be theoretically possible for any two nations to "beat" anyone on the sea. With parity for all, national prides are upheld and real and drastic reduction becomes immediately practicable.

If the pride of the nations that are wealthy enough to act on pride is still troublesome, there could be a compromise on a strength that nations other than Great Britain and the United States could not easily build up to. I hate to suggest such a concession, but, perhaps, the devil must have his due.

Is this idea, as an idea, quite foolish?

EDWIN G. BORING.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Our House of Prayer

SIR: Since the naval conference began its sittings in London, there has been rolling up our coast a great black cloud of fear, a noxious barrage from the direction of the big-navy group, who are bent on bedeviling us whilst they grease the ways of cruisers and more cruisers—seeking to transform our prayer for international peace and good will into fear of international conflict.

It is significant that while the fate of battleships, cruisers and submarines hangs in the balance, we are being deafened by this caterwauling about religious persecution in Russia. The depravity of Russia and of Communists foreign and domestic has never been more persistently dinned into ears that are strained to hear the promise of a reduction in armaments. The big-navy interests fill our newspapers, our patriotic societies, our Congress, with rumors calculated to transform our demand for the abolition of the battleship into fear of Communist aggression. Not only are the Catholic clergy agitated by these appeals to religious and racial hatred: the emotions of the Episcopal Bishop of Iowa have been so stirred that he urges crusaders against the Soviets not to stop "even at sanguinary conflicts." Editors are besieged with letters pouring out burning indignation. Resolutions for protest, even for world boycott, are introduced into Congress.

The inflammatory propaganda is repeatedly and expressly contradicted, not only by the head of the Russian Orthodox Church, but by Russian Jewish rabbis; while Dr. Counts, of Columbia, just home from a 6,000-mile journey through Russia, deprecates in no uncertain terms the "protests which are being raised by various religious sects in the West against the alleged persecutions."

Singularly enough, there is a similar wave of fear in England, where the naval conference is sitting. And there, as here, demands for action are darkening the air; so that the premier is obliged to remind the agitators that the persecutions they are talking about as occurring now, occurred in fact twelve years ago!

We are being treated to a dose of typical propaganda. The big-navy men are simply realizing on their investment in that perpetual propaganda against "enemies from without and enemies from within the Republic," carried on through the patriotic societies. Their most useful bugbear for arousing a demand for "preparedness" is what they call Communism. Through our super-patriots, they have made the Communist a household bogey. Deliberately confusing the ideal of internationalism with the Third International, they endeavor to confuse peace worker with Communist. This association of ideas so dismayed the D. A. R. managers that they changed their little moribund "Committee on International Relations" to "Committee on Foreign Relations," thus clearing their skirts of Communism.

Because the Communist is more or less vocal about disarmament, therefore every pacifist is a Communist. The Federal Council of Churches, because of its bold stand for international disarmament, is somehow hooked up with "the forces of radicalism, class hatred and revolution," as set forth in a preposterous book circulated by the D. A. R., the Better America Federation, the Massachusetts Public Interests League, Mrs. Finley Shepard and other promoters of the idea of "preparedness," who have fallen plump into the lap of the shipbuilders, and with the big-navy group behind them, are blowing up this cloud of fear, while the ways are being set for an orgy of naval expansion. "And Jesus went into the temple of God and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers; and said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer; but ye have made it into a den of thieves."

Cambridge, Mass. HELEN TUFTS BAILIE.

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D. H. Lawrence

TAKEN as a body, the books of the late D. H. Lawrence constitute a literary work more universal, an image of creation more broad and truthful, than that of any poet or proseman strictly contemporaneous with us. He was a mystic realist, better, a realistic mystic. The ablest of his fellows, Joyce, Proust, Eliot and Pound, more impeccable workmen than himself, are to be classed among the great romantic idealists, always to an extent at odds with a world refusing to conform to their preconceived patterns of loftiness and liberality. Lawrence, however, was content that the world should be there, quite as it was. He faced it directly and found it good. Tragic or harmonious, his work was almost uniquely glad, warm and soaring. Something must have bloomed flowerlike for him amid the chaotic surge of things, the sickening aftermath of war, permeating them with compensatory color and scent. Perhaps it was some "sacred fount," source of unfailing spiritual nourishment and consummation, rendering the matter that bore and held it wonderful even in painfulness. Whatever it was, Lawrence's writing, through its fire, elevation and pressing pace, communicates a feeling of sympathy with things the best of his fellows seem never quite to have known.

It is not to be denied that, intense though they are, the man's inimitable novels individually fall somewhat short of complete reality. His representative fictions are "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love." The subject of both is the sexual relation, a matter which Lawrence drew to the light of day, and plumbed and formulated, with an almost heroic daring, subtlety and effectiveness. Rich, new, central and excitingly grasped as the subject is, the two representations none the less want some broadest relativity and proportionateness. The protagonists, no Tristans and Isoldes, but English farm folk, are conceived existing in a reality which is not quite workable. Momentarily, indeed, it approaches an erotic vacuum. The social forces, effective in the life of even so isolated a farm and independent a family as the one Lawrence imagines, are never sufficiently taken into account. However romantic the lovers might have been, however unconscious of the world, the world would nevertheless have surrounded their torments and ecstasies; and a Balzac would have managed to keep it persistently in the picture.

In later novels, Lawrence did contrive, it is true, to relate the sexual play to other aspects of reality. "Aaron's Rod" associates it subtly with the communistic upheaval in post-war Italy; "Kangaroo" brilliantly with fascist tendencies in Australia; "The Plumed Serpent" audaciously with the struggle between Catholicism and the radical peasantry in Mexico; "Lady Chatterley's Lover" amusingly with industrial conditions in the English midlands. But the fierce fine white glow which played on the central sexual subject in "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love," giving these two works a place in English fiction entirely their own, is not so strong in these later, still strenuous, but none the less secondary examples of Lawrence's art.

Besides, few of Lawrence's novels and stories bring a material quite evenly formulated. The single exception to this rule is the early, deeply moving "Sons and Lovers," more completely realized than any of its possibly more singular and "advanced" successors. These frequently leave their characters, principally the male protagonists, in a state of half-definition; without the aura of a complete individuality. It is actually a trifle difficult to distinguish Will Brangwen and Anton Skrebensky in "The Rainbow," divergent as their fates are; or Birkin and Gerald in "Women in Love"; or Ramon and Cypriano in "The Plumed Serpent"; and any and all of them, including the mysterious gamekeeper in "Lady Chatterley's Lover," from the little novelist in "Kangaroo." And while the women characters are somewhat more definite and individualized, they, too, have a strange family likeness. Indeed, it can be said of D. H. Lawrence, more justly than of Wagner even, that his work was the picture of the relationship of a pair of people, serially continued.

Hence, taken singly, these bold, often glorious fictions will be found bare of some final persuasiveness, some complete coextension with reality. Despite his wide experience of life and sympathy with it, there is no doubt that Lawrence, possibly because of his comparative youthfulness and the pulmonary disease which sapped his final years, never transcended a certain fixity of vision, a certain obduracy of interest. His portraits of the sexual relation have a tendency to linger over the initial stages. Toward the end of his career, his writing sometimes communicated a feeling of strain, as of a harsh insistence, a willfulness in making a point and rounding a conception. Yet these fixations and inhibitions were by no means fatal.

To focus his entire work, his thirty-odd volumes of fiction, drama, travel, criticism, poetry and translation, not individually but inclusively, is to grow strongly aware of a broad, generous approach to the world. It is to see the figure of a veritable *grand écrivain* define itself above them. While the man-woman relation invariably figures in the center of any picture of things Lawrence drew, the number of subjects, scenes and storm centers he experienced and collated with it was after all healthily large. Mention has been made of the inclusion of the English, Italian, Mexican and Australian scenes in his novels. The range is grandly increased by his work in the extra-fictional forms. The collection of poems entitled "Birds, Beasts and Flowers" is a Mediterranean book, exquisitely comprehensive; also an experience of the American Southwest. "Studies in Classic American Literature" is a revelation, based on readings in Hawthorne, Poe, Melville, Whitman and others, of the gradual mergence of "soul" with "matter" in the American character, and the first inarticulate, dream-like appearance of a radical and American world-vision. "Twilight in Italy," "Sea and Sardinia," parallel in the form of travel books the spiritual adventures of the novels. The poems sing a whole Noah's Ark of "birds, beasts and flowers." The essays called "The Crown" and "Fantasia of the Unconscious" are characteristic forays into metaphysics. The translations are from the Russian and the Italian. Nor are these extra-fictional works of less moment than the romances. Lawrence nowhere wrote with more mysterious sharpness than in "Twilight in Italy," nowhere more powerfully and humorously than in "Studies in Classic American Literature," more nakedly than in the play called "David."

Nor is the broad approach ever superficial. It invariably is incisive. Lawrence moves with the greatest swiftness and power from the concrete to the heart of things. That is the high merit of all his writing. Whatever he touches becomes rich with the feeling of the profound impulses of life. He is subtle in his perceptions of their many shy, indirect manifestations; daring in his juxtapositions of these secret, dissociated, sometimes grotesque but never unreasonable expressions; and unflagging in the sweep with which he keeps collating, organizing and developing his perceptions and carrying them to conclusions. Not always completely formalized and worked out, "Women in Love" and "Kangaroo" and "The Plumed Serpent" are, nevertheless, broad frescoes building up with telling, vigorous strokes,

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new pictures of the working of things; revelations of the form and coherency of our anarchic time.

The words themselves, the mold into which his thought fell, communicate direct feeling of life. Prose or poetry, narrative or critical, writing with Lawrence was an organic action, not the expression of any single or separate faculty: reason or emotion. It was the whole D. H. Lawrence "feeling," from the root upward; speaking, uttering, sometimes almost beyond pleasure and pain, at the pitch of intensity. He would have it an unpremeditated, unarranged, faithful response to the incandescent moment which life was perpetually engendering and extinguishing in him and about him; "the clash and foam of two meeting waves"; of two things instantaneously, miraculously at one. Live books and poems were a series and progress of such responses. Well, there is no question that at times the writing so undertaken verges on stammering, as we feel his effort to lay hold on some sensation, some intuition, too swift and impalpable for him. Still, for each of these failures, there are many instances of re-creations of the evanescent, the shadowy, in the form of an exceptional symbol. And the great moments of his art, the scenes in "The Rainbow" among the sheaves and on the dunes, those in "Women in Love" at the lakeside and in the high Alps, have an immediacy, a seething intensity, an almost physical summary of things, making the equally representative, highly finished passages in Joyce comparatively oblique and cold.

What it brings makes us in touch with the world in an all but universal experience. More consciously than any novelist before him, Lawrence was the poet of the Whole Man; he knew how directly the line ran from Whitman to himself. The agony of that Whole Man, that flame in the human being, that spirit, in its capacity for self-determination and absorption in material, is hideously characteristic of the day. Whether the oppressive conditions be called communistic or mechanistic, fascist or industrial; whether they be thought of as external or internal, the world is full of a war on the spirit; and its subterranean defiance. Lawrence's feeling was always of this strife. It was what he sensed in the intersexual tension. It was what he felt in Sardinia, and Australia, and Mexico, in the industrial English midlands. Throughout the world, he saw, something in the human being was seeking to withdraw from contact with other beings and materials; and passivity in the male, the masculine protest in the woman, mechanization and egalitarianism and rationalism, were but so many aspects of the recoil. And throughout the world, something was blindly striving to find the way to a new unity. This is, finally, what Lawrence recorded; and the resolution toward which every piece of his presses is the resolution of this conflict, either in death, or in some new leasehold of the whole man, some new assurance and integrity.

It was himself. The Whole Man was in this irritating, passionate, strangely narrow and still piercingly sighted bearded son of the Nottinghamshire coal-side; beyond any degree attained by any writer of his time, least by those who make a shibboleth of wholeness and exclude the world. It was the spirit in him that made his approach to the universe independent; enabled him to know for himself. It was the flame that made him write as he did, trust his senses and his feelings, touch and pierce the world at so many points, and create what in the last analysis is a universal body of work. Sympathy with present creation, sense of the whole man's battle in this pitifully hateful world, direct, uncompromising expression of what he saw and felt, no matter what the world might do, were but spirit's way of breathing in an artist. Novels, poems and essays were but spirit's expansions to its own natural circumference in ever renewed embraces of a universe with which it was ideally, potentially coextensive; renewal of itself in the animation and development of wholeness wherever it lies in germ. As such, his writings speak to us. (To the devil with rationalism! Long live true humanism!) And as such, they go flaring down the halls of time.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Dahlberg, Dos Passos and Wilder

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

Bottom Dogs, by Edward Dahlberg. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

The 42nd Parallel, by John Dos Passos. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IN "The Woman of Andros," Thornton Wilder has turned Terence's "Andria" into a fable of the world without Christianity. At some indeterminate date before the birth of Christ, the son of a well-to-do merchant on the Greek island of Brynos falls in love with the sister of an hetaira and gets her with child. But it has been arranged for him to marry a girl of his own class, and he is in doubt as to what to do about his mistress. The intelligent and sympathetic father leaves it up to the young man, who seeks enlightenment in a religious fast and vigil. In the meantime, however, the hetaira's household—the hetaira herself having died—has been sold to a visiting pimp, and by the time the father has been able to buy Glycerium back and the son has returned from the temple with his mind finally made up to marry her, the poor girl has been overcome by the nervous strain of her situation and both she and her baby die.

Thornton Wilder has achieved his effect with accomplished technical skill: he has induced us to follow his story with sympathy and suspense, but he has kept us from understanding the full significance of the incidents we have been witnessing until we read the final sentence of the book, which is repeated from the first paragraph, where it has had only a casual interest for us, but which now illuminates retrospectively all that has come between: "But behind the thick beds of clouds the moon soared radiantly bright, shining upon Italy and its smoking mountains. And in the East the stars shone tranquilly down upon the land that was soon to be called Holy and that even then was preparing its precious burden." Looking back, we suddenly understand that we have been watching a world in half-darkness: these people have been groping and perplexed—they have as yet known no revelation, they can depend upon no authority, to justify their impulses toward charity, toward putting human brotherhood and love before the conventions and interests of the world. We see now that the cultivated hetaira—after the tradition of Wilder's novels, secretly and hopelessly in love with the young man—with her stoical acceptance of disappointment and death, and her final philosophical reflections: "I want to say to someone . . . that I have known the worst that the world can do to me, and that nevertheless I praise the world and all living. All that is, is well. Remember some day, remember me as one who loved all things and accepted from the gods all things, the bright and the dark"—that Chrysis is supposed to represent the highest culture and moral wisdom which, before the coming of Christianity, the pagan world could reach, and

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that she has already, in obeying an unaccountable instinct to make her house an asylum for simpleton, pauper and cripple, anticipated a new and deeper morality. We see that the ascetism of the priest of Apollo anticipates that of the Christian priesthood, that the merchant and his son are fumbling for principles which only the gospel of Christ can supply, and that the dead mother and child are the symbol of the death of the pagan world which another mother and child in "the land soon to be called Holy" are to revive to a new life.

This moment before the advent of Christianity has already been made a theme for fiction; it has even been a favorite theme. When we get to the marvelous volume on Marcus Aurelius which ends Renan's "Origines du Christianisme," we realize that Renan's purpose all along has been to persuade us that the Graeco-Roman culture was itself tending independently toward all that was best in Christianity, and that it had, besides, many desirable qualities which Christianity lacked. This has, no doubt, been an unconscious purpose, for Renan tries to hold the balances evenly—but he describes Marcus Aurelius in so many words as perhaps the best man who ever lived, and his portrait of the philosophical emperor prosecuting against the barbarians the Roman wars in which he hardly believes, does perceptibly overbalance the comparatively feeble portrait of Christ as a winning but naïve peasant preacher of the "Vie de Jésus." Pater took over Renan's theme and mood in his own study of the reign of Marcus Aurelius, "Marius the Epicurean"—but he slightly shifted the emphasis, he gave Christianity the advantage. The Gospel is with Pater, as with Wilder, the word for which humanity has been waiting, the one thing needful which the ancient world has lacked. Anatole France followed Renan, also, but, with more than Renan's malice, he tipped the scales against Christianity, and delighted, in "Sur la Pierre Blanche," in showing how Paul before Gallio at Corinth had not even really, as Renan had asserted, represented in his unprepossessing person the imminent future of Europe, of which the cultivated Roman had no suspicion, but merely a passing demoralization, since, when Europe should have recovered from the Middle Ages, she was to approximate in her civilization to Gallio's ideals and not to Paul's.

Now Wilder has taken this pagan-Christian theme and tipped the balance, as Pater did, in favor of Christ again, and he has produced a work which belongs essentially to the period of Pater and Anatole France. "The Woman of Andros," though it is very well done, strikes me as being a kind of thing which there is no longer much point in doing. I am sure that Wilder, in revisiting the ancient world, intends to tell us, as every writer must do, something new about our own. He is himself, as he has let us know in "The Angel That Troubled the Waters," a Christian, a believer, and I assume that in "The Woman of Andros" he is trying to show us the perils and the doubts of life without religion. There is behind many a page of this book a broken-hearted Proustian sob which has all too recognizably welled up from the peculiar sentimentality of our own time and not from any state of mind which one can associate with the Greeks; and there are also some admirable things which speak to us directly of ourselves: "From time to time she peered into her mind," Wilder writes of the dying hetaira, "to ascertain what her beliefs were in regard to life after death, its judgments or its felicities; but the most exhausting of all our adventures is that journey down the long corridors of the mind to the last halls where belief is enshrined." But the further Thornton Wilder withdraws into the past, the more purely literary he becomes. This ought not necessarily to be true; but the fact is that, ever since the past was discovered by the Romantic revival, people have been continually ringing the changes on the Christian-pagan theme—loading the dice for one or the other, what difference does it make?—and that writing about the past, with Wilder, means not merely going back to the Greek islands, but going back to the Paris of yesterday. "The Woman of Andros," for all the charm of style, the grace of narrative and the spare firm outline which Wilder never fails of, as it is paler than his other books, is also more in danger of being mawkish. Wilder announced, or made his hero announce, at the conclusion of "The Cabala," that he was returning with high hopes and a high heart to New York. But he next turned up in eighteenth-century Peru and now hails us with rather a far faint voice from a Greek island of some vague date before Christ. One reads with edification and pleasure whatever Wilder chooses to write—but precisely because he is evidently very much a first-rate man, one wishes one saw him more at home.

The author of "Bottom Dogs" is, on the other hand, very close to us—he is closer to us, indeed, than we quite care to have literature be. "Bottom Dogs" is the back-streets of all our American cities and towns. Edward Dahlberg is very far from Thorton Wilder's consummate literary sophistication, and his narrative is sometimes dull—but what he has brought in from the back-streets of Los Angeles, Kansas City and Cleveland is something more than an interesting document—it is the production of a writer with a real and original literary gift. The prose of "Bottom Dogs" is derived partly from the American vernacular, but to say this may give a misleading impression—Dahlberg's prose is primarily a literary medium, hard, vivid, racy, exact, and with an odd kind of street-lighted glamor. I do not agree with D. H. Lawrence, who has written for "Bottom Dogs" a curious and interesting introduction, that the dominating feeling of the book is repulsion—it would be quite easy for a writer of the harsh or satirical kind to make Dahlberg's material repulsive, but I do not feel that Dahlberg has done so: the temperament through which he has strained the barber-shops, the orphan homes, the bakeries and the dance-halls of his story is, though realistic and precise, rather a gentle and unassertive, and consequently an unembittered, one. At any rate, he has produced a novel which we read with a sort of wonder, so unpredictably does it show the transmutation of the rawest, the most sordid, the most commonplace American material by a man of talent so deeply submerged in it that he can only speak its language, yet reacting strongly enough against it, acting on it pervasively enough, to produce work, not merely of personal texture and color, but even of distinction.

Now Dos Passos, in "The 42nd Parallel," has consciously and deliberately worked out a literary medium curiously and strikingly similar to Dahlberg's. "The 42nd Parallel," which it seems to me Dos Passos's publishers have made a great mistake in not announcing for what it is: the first section of a novel on a large scale, is to deal with the role of the United States in the western world during the first years of the present century; but though it is written from the point of view of an unusually internationally minded American of unusually complete culture, the author has been able to immerse himself in the minds and the lives of his middle-class characters, to identify himself with them, to a degree which must astonish any reader of Dos Passos's other novels. In this respect, "The 42nd Parallel" is quite different from "Manhattan Transfer" and marks a striking advance beyond it. "Manhattan Transfer," after all, might almost have been written by a very intelligent and well documented foreigner: the characters are seen from the outside and, in consequence, seem sometimes scarcely hu-

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man. But in his new novel, Dos Passos has abandoned all the literary baggage which encumbered his exploration of New York—there are no elaborately painted descriptions and no Joycian prose poems. Dos Passos has studied Anita Loos and Ring Lardner for the method of "The 42nd Parallel," and he is perhaps the first really important writer to have succeeded in using colloquial American for a novel of the highest artistic seriousness. This has enabled him to keep us close to the characters as we never were in "Manhattan Transfer." Dos Passos, in "The 42nd Parallel," is not without his characteristic moments of allowing his people to lapse into two-dimensional caricatures of qualities or forces which he hates; but, in general, he has made us live their lives, see the American world through their eyes.

The characters of "The 42nd Parallel" almost all belong to the white-collar class—almost all begin as obscure and sufficiently commonplace-appearing people who are anxious to improve their condition from the point of view of ordinary American ideals. The stenographer from Washington, the publicity director from Wilmington, the interior decorator from Chicago, have no intimation of any other values than those of the American business offices, of the American advertising game, of the American trade in luxury, where they make their salaries and conceive their ambitions. Only the nephew of the radical Irish printer finds himself discontented with the life of the white-collar class and tends to identify his interests with those of a proletariat. The author introduces each of his five main characters separately—we read the complete continuous history of each from childhood. Dos Passos has hit upon a method of swift close narration which enables him to present an immense amount of material with astonishing ease and speed —we seem to know all about his people's lives: all the members of their families, all their friends, all their amusements and periods of stagnation, all the places where they work and how much they get, all the meals they eat, all the beds they sleep in. And without any explicit commentary of the author, each of these series of incidents and details creates an unmistakable character. Eleanor Stoddard's cold-blooded shrewdness and passionate appetite for refinement, J. Ward Moorhouse's well-meaning and unconscious charlatanry, are presented entirely in terms of *things*. And when these commonplace individuals, who have been introduced independently of one another, are finally put into relation with one another, further significances begin to appear—we realize that what we have been witnessing is the making of our own contemporary society. And as Dos Passos marks in masterly fashion—always without explicit comment—the shift from one American city to another, so that we understand, without, apparently, having been told, the difference between the way people behave and feel in Chicago and the way they behave and feel in Nw York, in Washington, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh or Mexico City; so —also without, apparently, being told—we finally begin to understand the national character of America. Dos Passos has sandwiched in between the sections of the life-histories of his characters "newsreels" which are medleys of newspaper-clippings and which remind us of the American public consciousness contemporary with the private events of which we have just been hearing, and brief biographies (very well done) of eminent contemporary Americans, all hampered or perverted or stunted by that same middle-class commercial society in which the characters of the novel are submerged. And at the end of this first instalment of his story, with the entrance of the United States into the War and the introduction of the last of the characters, a young garageman from North Dakota, who in his wanderings around the country has fallen in with a rich and drunken cracker from Okechobee City and been persuaded that he ought to go over and see the fun "before the whole thing goes belly-up"—Dos Passos, in the perfectly aimed final paragraphs, shows us this character suddenly as a symbol of the United States, provincial, adventurous, well-intentioned, immature, going out from its enormous country into a world of which it knows nothing:

> A week later they were on the Chicago of the French Line steaming out through the Narrows. They had hangovers from their farewell party and felt a little sick from the smell of the boat and still had the music of the jazz band on the wharf ringing through their heads. . . . They had wine with their first meal. There was a whole tableful of other guys going over in the ambulance service.
>
> After dinner Doc went down to the cabin to go to sleep. Charley roamed around the ship with his hands in his pockets without knowing what to do with himself. In the stern they were taking the canvas cover off the seventyfive gun. He walked round the lower-deck full of barrels and packingcases and stumbled across coils of big fuzzy cable to the bow. In the bow there was a little pinkfaced French sailor with a red tassel on his cap stationed as a lookout.
>
> The sea was glassy, with dirty undulating patches of weed and garbage. There were gulls sitting on the water or perched on bits of floating wood. Now and then a gull stretched its wings lazily and flew off crying.
>
> The boat's bluff bow cut two even waves through dense glassgreen water. Charley tried to talk to the lookout. He pointed ahead, "East," he said, "France."
>
> The lookout paid no attention. Charley pointed back toward the smoky west. "West," he said and tapped himself on the chest. "My home Fargo North Dakota." But the lookout just shook his head and put his finger to his lips.
>
> "France very far east . . . submarines . . . war," said Charley. The lookout put his hand over his mouth. At last he made Charley understand that he wasn't supposed to talk to him.

"The 42nd Parallel," when it is finished, may well turn out to be the most important novel which any American of Dos Passos's generation has written. Dos Passos seems the only novelist of this generation who is concerned with the large questions of politics and society; and he has succeeded in this book in bridging the gap, which is wider in America than anywhere else and which presents itself as a perpetual problem to American literature and thought, between the special concerns of the intellectual and the general pursuits and ideas of the people. The task of the intellectual is to make his symbols and his ideas *seem* relevant to the common life even when they actually are—to express them in terms of the real American world without either cheapening them or rendering them vacuous. Dos Passos, who has read as much and traveled as widely as Wilder, does not always avoid spinning literature—especially in the first Huckleberry Finn section of "The 42nd Parallel"—when he should give us a first-hand impression of reality; and, in consequence, he is sometimes flimsy, where Dahlberg dealing with a similar subject, would be authentic and hard. But though in intensity and execution "The 42nd Parallel" is not superior to Hemingway, for example, from the point of view of its literary originality and its intellectual interest, it seems to me by far the most remarkable, the most encouraging American novel which I have read since the War.

EDMUND WILSON.

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Saint and Politician

Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas, by C. F. Andrews. New York: The Macmillan Company. 382 pages. $3.

IT IS AN Indian custom to sit *dharna*. A person wronged takes up his place on the threshold of his oppressor or creditor, at the door of his defaulting debtor, and stays there until redress or death comes. If he dies, his ghost sits on eternally implacable, beyond the reach of appeal. Mr. Gandhi has sat *dharna* on the threshold of the British Empire for some thirty years. His strength was discovered during the long struggle against the Transvaal government—a wonderful story, told by himself in his own queer, honest prose, and now told again by his closest friend, "Charlie Andrews." His cult of "non-violence," Indian in source, was encouraged by the sight of the impression made in the West by the teaching of Tolstoy, the Nonconformist "passive resisters," and then the suffragettes and the Irish hunger-strikers. These won victories that might not have come to violence.

Mahatma Gandhi is not a great thinker. He does not question his first principles enough. He is against marriage out of caste, for example, because God fixed you where you are and you do not seek to change race or sex, therefore why seek to change caste? But he is a first-rate judge of men. His economics, as he himself expresses them, are out of date; India's struggle is not against Lancashire (now a deeply distressed economic area) so much as against Japan. But it is not against even Japan. The issues are mixed in the Indian brain. Many Indians have been frightened and repelled by what they have seen of Western civilization. If you were to point out to them that Indian mills produce forty times the cotton yarn that is imported from Lancashire, it would leave the *real* (as distinct from the supposed) reason for Mr. Gandhi's spinning wheel propaganda untouched. For the factory system on Indian soil, run by Indian capital, is as dangerous to the best things in India as ever the economic tyranny of Lancashire was.

Mr. Andrews brings out Mr. Gandhi's intense puritanism—he hates the sight and thought of opium, drink, tobacco or meat. He brings out what to an Englishman is the most pitiful fact of all, that there never was an Indian who thought so well of the Englishman and the fairness of his mind or (in essentials) of his rule, or who tried so hard to coöperate, until intolerable provocation drove him into opposition. It is not easy to think without bitterness of this, or to remember this man's generous, ill-requited service on South African battlefields, and such a picture of mutual kindness as this (Mr. Gandhi's own):

> It was a sultry day, and everyone was thirsting for water. There was a tiny brook on the way where we could slake our thirst. But who was to drink first? We had proposed to come in after the British soldiers had finished. But they would not begin first, and urged us to do so; and for a while this kindly competition went on for giving precedence to one another.

The book has an occasional slip or statement too partisan to pass unchallenged. I do not follow the argument that it was wicked of the Indian government to have arrested Mr. Gandhi just when it did. "It seized this exact moment, when the movement was in confusion, for striking a blow at the leader. From a worldly point of view, it was a diplomatic stroke, but it had no chivalry in it" (p. 279). Mr. Gandhi had challenged the action; for some time he had been elaborately prepared for it; and the previous two years showed an appalling casualty list in the train of non-coöperation—the Moplah rebellion, the Bombay and Chauri Chaura riots, the butchery of one hundred and thirty Akalis at Nankana Sahib. The total ran into thousands of lives lost. Then Lord Roberts' son was killed, not at Spion Kop, but at Colenso. I think Mr. Andrews is mistaken in saying that the Vykom struggle ended because "the State was able at last, with the consent of the Brahmins, to open the road." It ended, surely, because a new road was made for the "untouchables," the old one being kept unpolluted. The praise of Romain Rolland's "Mahatma Gandhi," "a work of supreme genius, unparalleled in any language," is, in my judgment, absurd. That book is spun out of ignorance and fancy. Mr. Andrews' own book is far more valuable; it is a monument not to one of the world's greatest men only, but to its author, as brave and unselfish a man as there is on this planet. It contains a wealth of information, and is suffused with the writer's sunny idealism. It ranks with Mr. Gandhi's "Autobiography" as the indispensable source of all study of the saint-politician.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

Rabelais: Two Views

Francis Rabelais, by Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 359 pages. $5.

All the Extant Works of François Rabelais, an American Translation by Samuel Putnam. New York: Privately printed for subscribers only by Covici-Friede. 1273 pages. $50.

François Rabelais, Man of the Renaissance. A Spiritual Biography. By Samuel Putnam. New York: Cape and Smith. 530 pages. $3.50.

FEW GREAT writers are as completely at the mercy of their interpreters as Rabelais. Within his lifetime, the French language underwent such transformation that the children of the very men who bought more copies of "the Gargantine Chronicle in two months than will be sold of the Bible in nine years" must have read his works with a little difficulty. Add to this the fact that Rabelais mined and minted a vocabulary of his own and excelled in pure word-orchestrations as subjective as any of Joyce's, and it is easy to understand why relatively few people have a first-hand acquaintance with his works.

Research has broken down the legend of the vagabond monk, "the jolly curé of Meudon," passing his life between buffoonery and guzzling. Dr. Rabelais, the correspondent of Erasmus and Budé and director of the hospital of Lyons, was a distinguished scholar and scientist. He is entitled to consideration as a pioneer in modern pedagogy and pacifism. But it is primarily as an artist that Rabelais is important.

Rabelais is a stylist. Few authors have shown such indifference to subject matter. His plagiarisms are scarcely less flagrant than Shakespeare's. Startling incongruities in plot and situation caused him no concern. His philosophy, the encyclopedic knowledge of all things under the sun which he embodied in his work, were merely a vehicle for literary craftsmanship. Form was his only concern.

It is, perhaps, failure to take this into account that led critics of Rabelais to such diversity of opinion. John Calvin denounced him as a dangerous libertine: Coleridge wrote feelingly of the "moral elevation of Rabelais's work." Voltaire saw him as an extravagant, unintelligible buffoon: Balzac acclaimed him as "the greatest mind of mod-

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ern humanity." Chateaubriand does not hesitate to say, "Rabelais created French letters." Less open to challenge than any of these opinions is Abel Lefranc's estimate of Rabelais as "the greatest virtuoso" of the French language.

In "Francis Rabelais," Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson set out "to make this truly modern figure well known in the sense that Shakespeare, Homer and Sophocles are well known; known as an inexhaustible resource of reviving, healing, strengthening and consoling." With this aim clearly in mind, they direct the reader less to the original French of Rabelais than to the seventeenth-century English translation by Urquart and Le Motteux, urging that,

> Rabelais's French is somewhat archaic even for his own period, and relatively few Frenchmen of today can read it, just as few Englishmen or Americans can read Chaucer's English; while anyone who can read the Bible can read the Urquart and Le Motteux translation.

The essay itself is authoritative and convincing. By intelligent handling of their documentation, the authors reconstruct a biographical and historical background that is of value in helping the reader to an understanding enjoyment of Rabelais's work. They scout the theories of scholiasts who read into Rabelais an elaborate allegory dealing with events and characters of his day, and even admit that they are troubled by Rabelais's classification as a satirist:

> He is known . . . as the greatest satirist that ever lived. . . . But had he the satirist's *temper?* The one thing preëminently communicated by even the most casual reading of Rabelais is surely the sense of unbounded joy, of limitless gayety and high spirits. . . . He *lights up* the human life with the light of a great joy, so that it shows itself as something lovely and infinitely desirable.

It is a little difficult to agree with Dr. Nock's and Mr. Wilson's statement that the Urquart and Le Motteux translation is so satisfying that "one may contentedly permit the original to repose upon the shelf." Even in their endorsement of it, they feel obliged to admit that it is less "a French Rabelais in English" than an "English Rabelais." Urquart and Le Motteux are unnecessarily ornate and verbose. The long catalogues of synonyms and epithets, which in Rabelais peal out like swift fugues, become as wearisome as the drones of bag-pipes in Urquart; and Rabelais's lean, sinewy phrases lose greatly by being upholstered in pompous paraphrases. In general, the difference between Rabelais and translations of Rabelais is that Rabelais seems to be talking across the table in an even, conversational tone; translations make him cackle uncomfortably in the reader's ear, with much nudging of ribs.

The recent American translation by Samuel Putnam is published in three huge volumes printed on Holland paper and illustrated by Jean de Bosschère. In a book as imposing in size and presentation as this, content always seems of secondary importance.

Mr. Putnam emphasizes the fact that he is translating into a language that is American rather than English. It is not, he insists, a slang translation. In that case, one wonders why he should substitute such phrases as "Where do you get that stuff?" for expressions in the original which were in Rabelais's day, as they are now, perfectly good French, in literary as well as current usage. On the whole, the language that Mr. Putnam employs is no more American than the jargon of a cockney publican is English.

The most legitimate quarrel with this translator is not that he has failed to catch the spirit of Rabelais, but that he has distorted the letter. The whole translation is full of woeful garblings that suggest either a very slight knowledge of the French language or unpardonable carelessness. We can overlook the dubious taste of employing deliberate anachronisms, and the kittenishness of coining the word "flip-flap" to translate the perfectly good English word braguette. But why should Mr. Putnam make Panurge spend a fortune in getting *himself* married to "horrible old hags without a tooth in their chops," when both the text and context of Rabelais make it clear that Panurge spent this sum, not in wedding the hags himself, but in inducing fat porters to marry them? Or again, why does he choose to render incomprehensible the anecdote of Pathelin buying pastries from Pope Julius in hell, by making Pathelin both the buyer and the seller? His garbling of the anatomical terms in which Rabelais delights is doubtless intended to enliven the original and give the seeker of pornography his money's worth. Throughout the book whenever Rabelais calls a spade a spade, the tendency of the American translator is to call it a rotten old lawnmower. The result is often amusing; but it is regrettable that so great an artist as Rabelais should have been chosen as the victim of the burlesque.

Mr. Putnam's "spiritual biography" of Rabelais is interesting chiefly because it throws some light on the canons that led its author to make so dismal a fiasco of the translation. Vacillating between the role of the creative artist and that of the critic, he uses each of these functions as an excuse for shirking the obligations of the other. Even such absurdities as his proclamation that "criticism is not criticism unless it is an enchanted hurricane" and his inclusion of the innocuous Delteil among the three greatest French prose writers, are not sensational enough to offset the dreary repetitions and the dry, undigested documentation in which the book abounds.

RAMON GUTHRIE.

Michael Gold

Jews Without Money, by Michael Gold. New York: Horace Liveright. $3.

MICHAEL GOLD is a sincere and moving writer. In the present book, in his earlier "120 Millions," in his plays and in the strained, harsh editorials he is apt to write for The New Masses—even when his writing is marred by awkwardness of thought or expression or by naïveté, and in spite of a faulty self-critical sense—he has a curious, compelling power. He is a personality; and his personal charm pervades everything he writes. He is a popular writer, not in the depraved modern sense, but because he writes the language of speech, sometimes his own language and sometimes everyone's, but always vocal, lifelike speech.

These things are particularly true of "Jews Without Money." This is the book of his own memories out of childhood, childhood in a horrible, crowded, starved East Side slum. The characters are largely conventional, probably because the conventions in such cases come after the reality: if they usually appear false to us, it is because they are falsely represented by their observers. But these people are nearly all convincing. They drink, eat, laugh, die or kill naturally, without climax, because these things are in the pattern of their lives. Only the woman whom he calls in this book "my mother" is an exception. She

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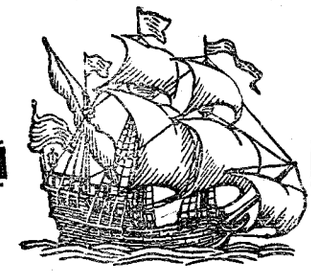

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has a too great and unreasonable perfection for belief. But other people are splendid: the "I" of the book; the prostitutes who practise their trade as normally and as unashamedly as factory girls and who are tortured by boys who are as blind, as will-less and as unconscious as those others who torment Jews; the ambitious and ineffective father; and the boy, "Nigger."

But it is not enough to consider this writer only in terms of his personal qualities. It is increasingly difficult in any case to think in terms of "pure art" and the solitary, individualistic artist. We are increasingly forced to recognize in writers conscious or unconscious bias, aim, purpose and social pattern. In the case of Michael Gold, he himself has given the clue to the bias, and repeatedly stated his aim. He is a consistent adherent of radical, as distinguished from liberal or reformist, literary groups. He has been or is connected with the old and New Masses, with the New Playwrights and with the revolutionary John Reed Club. He is a Communist, and it is his constant effort to subdue his skill to a revolutionary purpose, to amalgamate the two. The effort is visible in all his work: it is not possible to consider one without the other. The effort is to write in terms of the mass, of whole classes of people caught up in the circumstances of their time, particularly the economic circumstances. And this attempt, in "Jews Without Money," is not successful. The characters are not proletarians (though he wants them to be): they are merely poor people. Their failures and their desires are not inevitable: they are individual accidents. "My father" becomes a house painter: he falls and is crippled, and so is forced into the most degrading, utter poverty. But if "his cousin Sam Kravitz" had not turned out a cheat, he would have been half owner of a suspender factory; and certainly not all partners are dishonest. He ended his life as a banana-peddler. But if he had not fallen from a scaffolding, he would have finished the payments on his suburban home and become a burgher: and not all painters, nor any large proportion of them, suffer such accidents: there is no social propulsion here.

Such things are only pertinent, of course, because Gold's talent is an important one, because his career is influential (he is already taking a place in American radical literature comparable to that held by Barbusse in France or Gorky in pre-revolutionary Russia), and because there is created an unsolved conflict in his mind which is perceptible in his work, destroying its unity. A teacher slaps a child and calls him a little kike. Tough adolescents bring little girls to their hangout and rape them in turn. These are filthy, monstrous, terrible things. Hate is indicated for the teacher and the toughs, and for all other cruel individuals; we are shocked by them and we want them to *will* to be good. But the cumulative intention of the book is opposed to responsibility and this kind of hate. It assumes that these people *all* act helplessly. We are left undecided and a little irritated, with a blurred impression.

"Jews Without Money" is a story of East Side Jewish, often radical, workers. Yet it is written without reference to the mass. Labor organization and strikes, though they are probably more a part of the life of this group than any other in America, are not mentioned—nor are the great shirtwaist strike and the Triangle fire.

Michael Gold is a writer of historical importance. The conflict visible in his work is typical of our time: the struggle between the ideal of the triumphant individual and the mass. It is of unusual importance in this writer because he accepts intellectually the ideal of the mass. He thinks in terms of the struggle of classes, the slow triumph of a race in which the individual participates will-lessly. But he also yearns for peace, leisure and nature. If he does nothing more than record this conflict in his passionate, vigorous writing, he will remain a meaningful figure. If he is ever consistently able, as he was in the play "Fiesta," to coördinate his ideology, he will have become a writer of primary significance. MELVIN P. LEVY.

Pragmatists and Pragmatists

Logic for Use, An Introduction to the Voluntarist Theory of Knowledge, by F. C. S. Schiller. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 455 pages. $3.

Mind and the World-Order. An Outline of a Theory of Knowledge, by C. I. Lewis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 440 pages. $3.

THE DOCTRINE of Pragmatism was first publicly formulated by Charles Saunders Peirce in a popular magazine article over fifty years ago. Peirce, who was a laboratory-trained scientist, a founder of the new study of symbolic logic, a master of modern mathematics and a keen student of philosophy, proposed Pragmatism as a means by which one could clarify one's ideas, introduce the scientific method into philosophy, concretely apply the discoveries of modern logic and mathematics, and eliminate unknowables from metaphysics. "Consider," he said, "what effects that might conceivably have practical bearings you conceive the objects of your conception to have. Then your conception of those effects is the whole of your conception of the object."

But the doctrine remained practically unknown until William James, with his provocative manner, lucid explanations and broad applications, brought the matter into the focus of philosophic discussion. Though James did much to indicate the import and novelty of Pragmatism, the views he advocated were largely his own. He understood and interpreted the doctrine in ways which its founder could not acknowledge. It was the strong nominalistic bias and the radical empiricism of James which ultimately brought Pragmatism into embarrassing difficulties and disrepute. The history of the subject since his time has largely been an attempt to reformulate and understand Pragmatism in terms of Peircian, rather than Jamesian, conceptions.

These attempts have had various degrees of success. They have resulted, in the light of the diverse abilities and emphases of the different expositors, in the creation of a host of Pragmatisms. There are, in fact, as was early remarked in the history of the controversy, almost as many species of Pragmatism as there are so-called Pragmatists. The two books under review, though written by two members of the same school, are about as diverse as any two philosophic books could well be.

Professor F. C. S. Schiller, formerly of Oxford, is the English representative of the Pragmatic school. Unlike most Pragmatists now, he will have none of Peirce. He defends what he takes to be the true Jamesian position. While Peirce believed in an attainable objective truth and had a keen appreciation of formal logic and mathematics, Schiller is in violent reaction to all intellectualists and formalists. He emphasizes the personal and subjective aspects of knowledge and understanding. He is anxious to strip away every pretension that formal logic (and every other non-empirical study) has to objectivity, usefulness and truth, and to put in its place a voluntaristic logic which

> begins as a sober proposal to recognize at last the cognitive activities of man as a whole in their un-

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> mutilated integrity, and as a protest, far too long delayed, against the verbalisms, vicious abstractions, futile fictions, and conventions which have long lost what meaning they ever had, and have made of "logic" a bugbear or a laughing-stock. Its aim is to bring back logic from its long captivity in Cloud-Cuckoodom into touch with human life and human science and the interest we take in knowing. It is a logic for everyday use, and not merely for the obscene initiation rites of the philosopher who is "no philosopher," until he has been mutilated and defecated into a "pure intellect." . . . It is a charter of freedom for the philosophic imagination, emancipating it from its long thraldom to a sterilizing intellectualism. It gives him the right to try alternatives, to experiment freely, to run risks, and, if he has it in him, to win the inestimable prize of a philosophy that satisfies to the full the demands of his whole soul. At present most of our philosophies are spiritual misfits, just because their authors, in constructing them, either do not dare to draw on their personal experience or disguise and distort the contributions they obtain from this most copious source.

Schiller's claims, though ambitious, remain questionable and unfulfilled. His criticisms, as might be gathered from the quoted remarks, are a mixture of abuse, *ad hominem* arguments and an application of the formal logic to which he so violently objects. He thoroughly confounds theory with application, logic with psychology, activity with result and what ought to be with what is. Wit he has, and some originality, deftness and industry, but they hardly suffice to make one feel that the acceptance of Pragmatism is imperative.

The Pragmatists, in their different ways, have always claimed too much. By clipping its wings, Professor C. I. Lewis has placed Pragmatism in its proper perspective. Not only does his book avoid the follies of Schiller's, but it does not even, like Dewey's, lean precariously on the results of such special sciences as psychology and biology. Conscious of its limitations, appreciative of the exact theoretic sciences, and undeniably effective as a means for interpreting the vexatious problems of the theory of knowledge, Pragmatism finally reaches manhood.

Empirical knowledge, according to Lewis, results from the interaction of two independent factors; one *a priori* and mental, categorical and definitive, capable of rational and formal analysis; the other empirical and sensuous, classifiable and definable, blind and merely "given." Factual, communicable knowledge is the result of applying the one on the other, and such knowledge is verified and verifiable only pragmatically—that is, by its consequences. Being a rationalist in his attitude towards the *a priori,* and a student of symbolic logic in addition, he is able to do justice to the truths of logic and mathematics; being an empiricist in his attitude towards the "given," he is able to do justice to the non-mental and brute factors in experience; being a pragmatist in his attitude towards their combination, he is not only able to avoid transcendent interpretations, but succeeds in escaping from many of the traditional epistemological snares.

Two of the fundamental suppositions of this development, which Lewis calls "Conceptual" Pragmatism, are the acknowledgment of mind's eternal (?) possibility for making new interpretations in the face of the failure of the old, and the basic differentiation of the two factors in knowledge. Were these suppositions absolute and final, instead of probable, as all pragmatic knowledge is usually supposed to be, Pragmatism would rest on a non-pragmatic foundation; were they derived pragmatically from experience, and thus only probable and tentative, the truth of Pragmatism would be self-confessedly questionable. The solution of these problems is, I believe, implicit in Lewis; they are answerable in terms of an extension of what he calls his *reflective* method. But that they are not answered shows that Pragmatism has yet to attain to complete self-criticism; it points also to the necessity for founding epistemology, no matter how interpreted, on metaphysics. Whether the pragmatist can pragmatically uncover the metaphysics he assumes, is a question of the future, but a methaphysics he must have. Until such a metaphysics is acknowledged, even a philosophy as able, as balanced and as keen as that of Professor Lewis must remain ultimately incomplete and uncoördinated.

PAUL WEISS.

The New Tractarians

Humanism and America: Essays on the Outlook of Modern Civilization, edited by Norman Foerster. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 294 pages. $3.50.

THE CONTRIBUTORS to "Humanism and America" have made a fatal mistake: they have published their work. As long as their intentions were only mysteriously whispered about in the streets of Cambridge one could, perhaps, hope that Mr. Irving Babbitt and Mr. Paul Elmer More had rallied about themselves a body of vigorous minds, who would modify the solecisms of their critical thought and widen the foundations of their philosophy. That was a false hope. Mr. Norman Foerster boasts in his introduction that the New Humanism has not merely formulated a program, but has manufactured catchwords: and alas! he is right. The old catchwords are scattered through these pages in full array: the will to refrain, the golden mean, dualism, decorum, humility—magic syllables which, on the tongue of the New Humanist, exorcize the horrible demons of expansiveness, naturism, humanitarianism, expression, the absolute. Is this a fresh integration of thought? No. Is this the "challenge of culture to the anarchy of our times"? No again; for the content of culture is something more than a series of anxious negatives and timid discriminations. The authors have confused anemia with decorum, mediocrity with the golden mean, and an aptitude for classical philology with that fierce sense of life which has created the great classics and their sustaining cultures.

What existed of the New Humanism before this symposium appeared was the critical work of Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More; and, to be frank, this is all that remains afterwards. In attempting to conquer new territory, these generals of the New Humanist movement have only exposed and handed over to the enemy a nondescript body of prisoners: but what glory is there in a victory which would leave one in possession of such ill-trained and over-confident recruits as, say, Mr. Gorham B. Munson? As with a Chinese army, the strength of the New Humanists consists in their war-cries and their dreadful faces; but in actual fighting they lack both individual mettle and collective discipline, to say nothing of a grand objective. One had hoped for more from these scholars and critics; for some of their aims are common to all men of good will and cultivation: but they have presented us, in the present symposium, with a massive cliché. If this is all that the New Humanism could say for itself, the writers should have practised their canonical virtue—the Will to Refrain.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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Big Business in Alsace

"— & Co.," by Jean-Richard Bloch. Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, with an introduction by Romain Rolland. New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.

ROMAIN ROLLAND, in his introduction, says that the great virtue of "—& Co." is that its characters are modeled from human flesh. The disappointing truth is that the characters are wooden monstrosities. A family of Alsacian Jews, the Simlers occupy themselves with their business, the weaving industry, to the exclusion of practically everything else. From inauspicious beginnings and in an unfriendly community, they build up their factory until they are the wealthiest people in Vendeuvre. The problem which Mr. Bloch presents is that of the business swallowing the individual. The individual who objects to being swallowed is Joseph. Just to show us what a devil of a fellow Joseph is, the author has him play the flute outside of office hours ("since there is more in man than the hope of gain"), and, to cap the climax, fall in love with a Christian girl. Not having quite as much character as the gentleman in "Abie's Irish Rose," however, Joseph gives the girl up (she requites his affection), stays in the family business, and marries Elisa Stern, whom he does not love, who forbids him to play the flute, but whose family is also a power in the textile world.

The author apparently sympathizes with Joseph in his occasional youthful efforts to escape from his insular family and the tedious business which is their life, but at the same time he admires, indeed hero-worships, both the Simler family and Simler et Cie. For him old Hippolyte Simler, the father, is a great colorful figure, the patriarchal bearer of a name that is a synonym for power. And yet how does the awesome Hippolyte show his might at crucial moments? (A crucial moment in the Simler family is one in which there is an imminent prospect of making or losing a large sum of money.) When his sons return from a trip to Alsace, the purpose of which was to rent a new factory (the family is about to leave Prussia), and he suspects they may have paid too much, he does not greet them with any apparent gesture, "for one cannot so describe a change in his color, which from a brick red had passed to a grayish yellow that was by no means reassuring. At most, his mouth twitched without emitting a sound, and his swollen forefinger rose jerkily to point at the newcomers. . . . The hoarse pant of an uneasy bull was his way of entering into conversation; it had the immediate effect of producing silence." The sons hesitate to name the price, and their mother urges them to tell.

"But the rage of the head of the house had already exceeded all bounds. He ranged the room with his gaze, gave vent to a fierce snort, and, his neck swelling until it became crimson, shouted, punctuating each syllable with a blow of his fist: 'For how much did you buy?'" His sons cannot resist all this swelling and snorting; they tell him. The effect is perfectly delightful. Hippolyte's eyes protrude, his legs give way, "he stepped backwards, tried to sit down, collided with one of the legs of the overturned chair [he turned it over a few minutes before], and fell in the gap between it and the table, emitting the long roar of the bull that has received its deathblow." Evidently we are to admire this insane character for being subject to apoplexy. Even the Simler apoplexy, it appears, is not to be confused with the common or garden variety of apoplexy: "this stroke," writes Mr. Bloch, "which would have turned any other man into a lifeless corpse, had barely affected his left eyelid."

The extravagance of this incident is typical of the book. Mr. Bloch is continually making comparisons which his characters fail to justify. At one point the two brothers proceed on their way "with the elastic, loping pace of wolves in pursuit of their prey," but they never do anything in the least wolfish. Having bought their new factory, they stop a M. Boulinier on the street, and, we are told, "had brandished under his nose, with the furious excitement of savages, the back of a stamped document (the deed of sale)." But when we see them actually doing anything (in contradistinction to being told about what they *have* done), neither Joseph nor Guillaume seems capable of the furious excitement of savages. On the contrary, they are extraordinarily self-contained, phlegmatic men. "The two Simlers traveled across Paris like lifeless parcels," writes Mr. Bloch, but the next minute he may tell us how they loped like wolves, roared like bulls, barked like dogs and in general acted like obedient little automatons. Their actions are more than humanly inconsistent, disconnected and unmotivated. Almost the first thing they do when they come to Vendeuvre is to ask a wool merchant whom they have met scarcely two minutes before to put them up for the local club. This action is not only thick-skinned, but, in view of the prejudice against Jews and the fact that no one in the town knows them yet, is incredibly stupid and naïve. Yet we are to believe the Simlers a shrewd lot, capable of building up a tremendous business that overshadows and outlasts those of dozens of native and long-established competitors.

In his descriptions of people Mr. Bloch goes into such detail that although he tells us the color and size of each feature we go away without any impression of the whole. M. Boulinier, for example, "is as round as a barrel. Freckles swarm on his face like ladybirds; they appear to be determined to make the most of a deep layer of dirt wedded to the vermilion of a generously stimulated complexion. 'Black, yellow, red. The Belgian flag,' thinks Guillaume." Mr. Bloch's idea of conveying a person's appearance is to climb all over him with a foot-rule. A knowledge of the names of different colors and an unusual capacity for unhappy metaphors seem to complete his equipment for personal description. Of one of the Simler women he writes: "A chin, once pink, now the color of amber, at all times charming, was muffled in a mattress of appetizing flesh. This cool, living covering rested upon a bodice of black stuff."

If only Mr. Bloch (and the critics) were not so in love with these demented characters! Joseph is as bad as any of them. His noble nature is shown by three deeds of derring-do: once he pulls a carriage out of a rut, inspired by Mlle. Le Pleynier who happens to be passing by; once he dances with a Scarlet Woman in a Montmartre cabaret; and when a neighbor's factory is on fire, he keeps dashing in, saving things. The admiration of the author on these purely fortuitous occasions is infantile: "He dances without an effort, as it were under the flying tails of his coat. He holds Cora carefully in his rounded arm, as it were without effort. And Cora abandons herself to his dexterity. . . . The pace increases. No sign of effort on Joseph's face." Magnificent Joseph! But where did he learn how to dance? And what would have happened if there hadn't been a fire? Mr. Bloch's invention is so weak that he has to drag in dramatic occasions to give a false temporary feverish vitality to his characters. The rest of the time they are dull, money-mad, work-mad, factory owners, their horizon limited by a stifling family feeling that has little or no real affection in it. They have no sense of proportion, only the thought of money excites them, money as an end in itself. They are ten times as provincial as their provincial neigh-

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bors, and are filled with a mutual admiration which is the result of never associating with anyone else. "In the presence of a Simler, every man, small or great, appears as a child." Like many inferior writers, Mr. Bloch cannot dissociate himself mentally from his characters.

And before any emotional scene which involves a woman he quails horribly. A love affair in his hands is unthinkable; even a mother-and-son meeting is too much for him. When Joseph and Guillaume come home, Mr. Bloch frankly buries his head in the sand. "It is better," he observes, "to pass over the incidents of the next few minutes. The license that motherhood allowed itself, and the disregard that two great, grimy men showed for their own dignity, are not subjects which it is seemly to examine in detail." His style, moreover, is often so incoherent that one cannot attribute it solely to the difficulties of translation. He resorts to melodramatic figures for commonplace gestures: "Scorn furrowed his lips, as the sea is furrowed by the wake of a steamer proceeding at full speed." The Simlers are spasmodically furrowing, roaring, swelling and barking throughout the book, but when it comes down to actual achievement they never live up to their implied glamor. Even when it comes to making money, the reason for their success is that that is all they ever think about, or work for. They haven't any brains or imagination, they aren't even diplomatic. Mr. Bloch has punctuated his book with coy rhetorical questions, he has juggled his men and women around like toy soldiers instead of letting them act for themselves, he has substituted cataloguing for description, he has relied on strained improbable situations to show character development, and he has failed to inspire any sympathy for his hero in his state of subjection to his family, since his hero has done practically nothing to indicate that he is any better than they. The final proof of "—& Co." 's failure is that, for all their feverish and meaningless activity, the Simlers are if anything more nebulous than ridiculous.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

Prose and Music

The Testament of Beauty, by Robert Bridges. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THE POETRY of Robert Bridges has never been particularly popular. It is probably less read than that of any other poet whose official standing is so high. Even now, when "The Testament of Beauty" has surprisingly taken the English public by storm, it is safe to predict that few people will trouble to read his four volumes or more of classic, or pseudo-classic, masques and plays; and if they do, it is almost as safe to predict that they will come away from that undertaking pretty empty-handed. The real reasons for the unpopularity of Bridges are clearest in these unfortunate experiments: they are cold, dull, precious, actionless, full of affectations and archaisms, primly formal, nigglingly florid. The characters are lifeless, the colors are dim; one feels no warmth in them, no rootedness in that rich life of consciousness which (for example and contrast) everywhere makes the Elizabethan drama so hotly vascular. An occasional song or ode of great beauty and delicacy does little to redeem them from the cardinal sin of deadness.

Even in the shorter poems—the "books" of lyrics—one encounters the same faults. These are the poems on which Bridges' reputation has hitherto chiefly rested, and among them are many lyrics which combine a kind of chilly loveliness with a high degree of technical and prosodic ingenuity. If one cannot agree with Mr. Brett Young (in his

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critical study of Bridges, 1914) that they have a "poetic richness and warmth of color unknown since Keats" or a technique "hardly approached since the golden age of Latin poetry," nevertheless one must do them homage. At their best, they tend to the elegiac. They are uniformally gentle, pensive, limpid; a deliberate pastoral note informs almost all of them; the language is prim, and touched here and there with archaisms of word and idiom; in short, they belong to a strain of English poetry which is very "consciously" English. One does not go to such poetry for the terrors or profundities of human experience: one goes to it rather for a mild and healing gospel of beauty, a gospel everywhere charming, but perhaps also a little bit epicene. And also one goes to it for a study of its curious and excellent technique.

"The Testament of Beauty" is in this respect—perhaps in every respect, but most interestingly in this—Bridges' finest achievement. The development of a quantitative hexameter for use in a long narrative or philosophic poem (with the aim of avoiding monotony) had already begun to concern Bridges even in his earliest work. Mr. Brett Young describes the matter admirably. "Bridges' method" (again to quote from his critical study)

> is to avail himself of all the freedom which a stress-prosody allows, and at the same time to mitigate with every available device the anarchy to which it leads. Briefly, he abolishes syllabic strictness for the sake of introducing new and expressive speech-rhythms, and simultaneously restores the element of time, leaving their freshness unimpaired. The whole of his achievement in stress-prosody is to enforce the idea of regularity in line-length while avoiding suggestion of a recurrent bar-beat. It is impossible to find a principle which applies to the whole of his work in this manner. Every line shows its own device to escape from the double pitfall of stress-prosody, the dilemma whose horns are music and prose.

In that final clause, Mr. Brett Young adumbrated the whole problem, and anticipated practically everything that can be said, on this score, of "The Testament of Beauty." It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that for the most part this poem moves closer to the "prose" end of the spectrum than any other quasi-successful poem (of similar length) which one can recall. And on the whole, this queer loose prosaic rhythm, with its oddities of inversion and its eccentricities of spelling, suits surprisingly well Bridges' semi-didactic, semi-allegorical purpose. The poem is difficult reading—the familiar faults are here again; here again are the archaisms, the frigidities, the primly florid uncouthnesses and heavy pseudo-classical asides; but they fit the method and the theme, and moreover there are many incidental passages of extraordinary beauty. In short, the poem achieves a queer kind of uniqueness—something analogous, perhaps, to "Mansoul, or The Dawn in Britain," of Doughty, in which there is the same effort toward the formulation of a pure convention.

Of the content of the poem it is sufficient here to speak very briefly. It is a mildly philosophical essay, a good deal influenced by Santayana's "Sense of Beauty" and "Life of Reason"; very loosely assembled, not always very cogent in reasoning, suffused everywhere with an odd and almost medieval simplicity and old-fashionedness. It reminds one even a little of "The Anatomy of Melancholy"; it has the same air of amateurish charm, the same earnest sincerity. It is a gentle testament, and ingenuous—the gentle praise of a gentle ideal. There is no wrestling here with the dynamics of the soul, no probing of horrors or sounding of

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wonder; chaos has removed itself from the shores of Albion; everything is peaceful and detached and comfortable; and everything is as consciously and purely English as it can possibly be. CONRAD AIKEN.

Indian Earth, by Witter Bynner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 77 pages. $2.50.

THERE is so much minor frustration in current American poetry that it is refreshing to read a poet who has found something and knows how to communicate his discoveries. The trouble is that Mr. Bynner has found the wrong thing for poetry; but the right thing, for him, for verse of a competent and sometimes delightfully skillful nature. There is no right and wrong in poetry; a poet can do anything he can do; but we tend to set up a hierarchy of values beyond personal appreciation. Consequently we cannot admit the work in "Indian Earth" as anything but charming verse.

The skies of Santa Fé have given ease, and peace. The poet, like Pedro in "Harmonica," himself

> tipped his head
> Back on his shoulders, even with the sky,
> And was lighted from brow to thumb, as mountains are.

From that mental posture he surveys life, writes easy, seseductive lyrics, and understands something of the earthly soul of the Indians.

In "The Dance for Rain," "The Snake Dance" and "The Buffalo Dance," and in "The Winged Serpent" at the opening of the volume, he strives towards a poetic symbolism. We wish for more of this. But then he relaxes into a mood dangerously near to sentimentality,

> Yet who is alone while lips and eyes can smile?
> Where is a hiding place from happiness?

R. G. E.

Contributors

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CONRAD AIKEN, poet, novelist and crtic, is the author of "Blue Voyage," "Costumes for Eros" and other books. His "Selected Poems" have recently been published.

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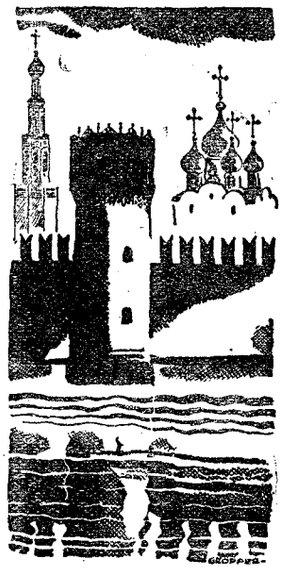

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